COWBOY SONGS BY

Wilf Carter

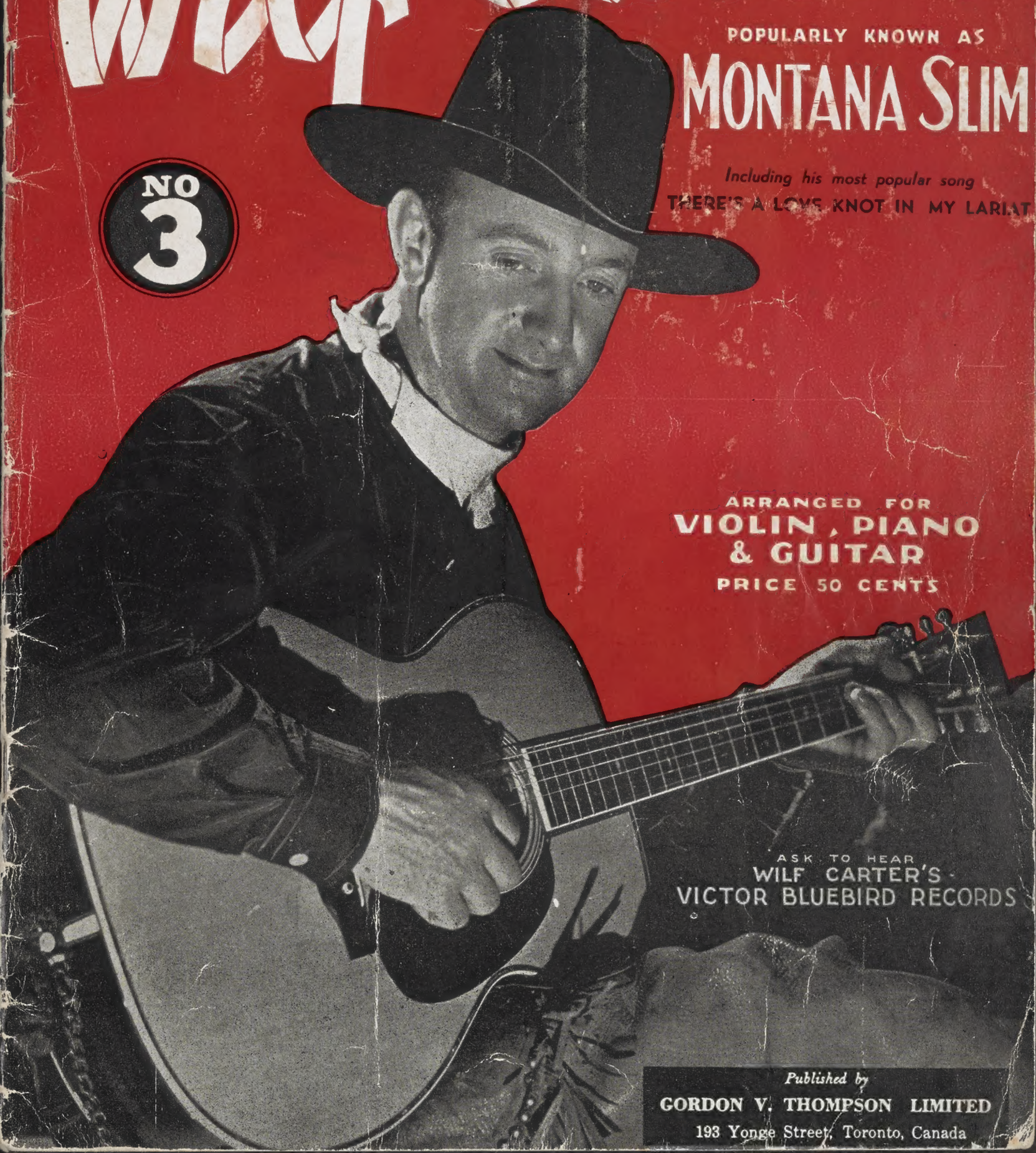
POPULARLY KNOWN AS

MONTANA SLIM

NO 3

Including his most popular song

THERE'S A LOVE KNOT IN MY LARIAT



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WILF CARTER'S
VICTOR BLUEBIRD RECORDS

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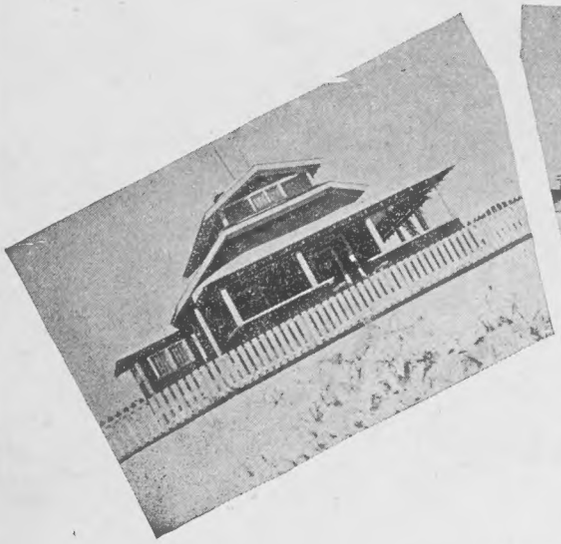
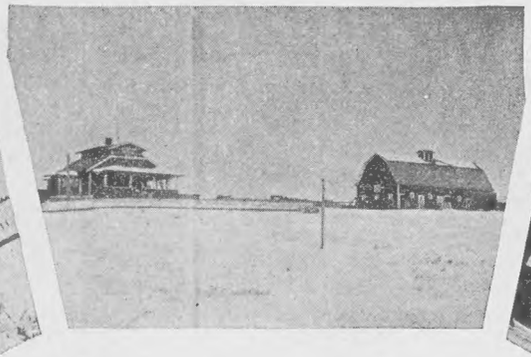
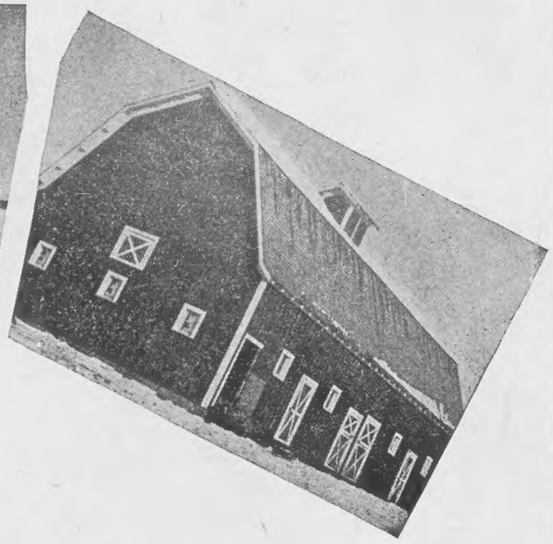
Wilf Carter's Prairie "Home Sweet Home"







WILF CARTER'S FOLIO #3

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Hello Friends!

Yes, it is your old pal, Wilf Carter, or as they have nick-named me, Montana Slim, back again. It is sure great to have another chat with you all. How about it? Fine!

You know I'vd sure had lots of letters this last year asking for more good old Western songs. I'm telling you I feel mighty good over all those fine compliments that keep drifting my way. They sorta keep me writing and tangling up new numbers.

You know, the first song I ever wrote, well I just figured it was my last. But as time rolled by I started writing more and more. So here's some of your favorites, such as "Love Knot in My Lariat" which you have all swamped me with requests for, and I hope you all enjoy playing and singing these songs as much as I did writing them.

Oh! by-the-way, I guess you're wondering what these pictures are. Just a little plot of land I have in Western Canada, about 300 acres—not much—but I've always longed for a place called HOME so I decided this was what I've always wanted!

I've really found out for myself, after all my years of roaming, that my heart is always back on the good old prairie. It's on the prairie I always belonged. Why not come over and see me some time?

Gee, it's swell to talk to all my song-lover friends again. Hope you have enjoyed the visit.

Good luck, good health and keep smiling!

WILF CARTER

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193 Yonge Street **Toronto, Canada**

By The Silvery Moonlight Trail

$30 JA

Victor Blue Bird Record B4991

WILF CARTER

Moderato

mf

C C alt F Fmi

In a lone - ly moon - lit val - ley Where man has sel - dom
The moon - light cast a shad - ow There stood a maid - en

mf

Dmi G Emi G7 G9

roamed Lived a ranch - er and his daugh - ter For
fair The moon - light gleam'd like sil - ver A -

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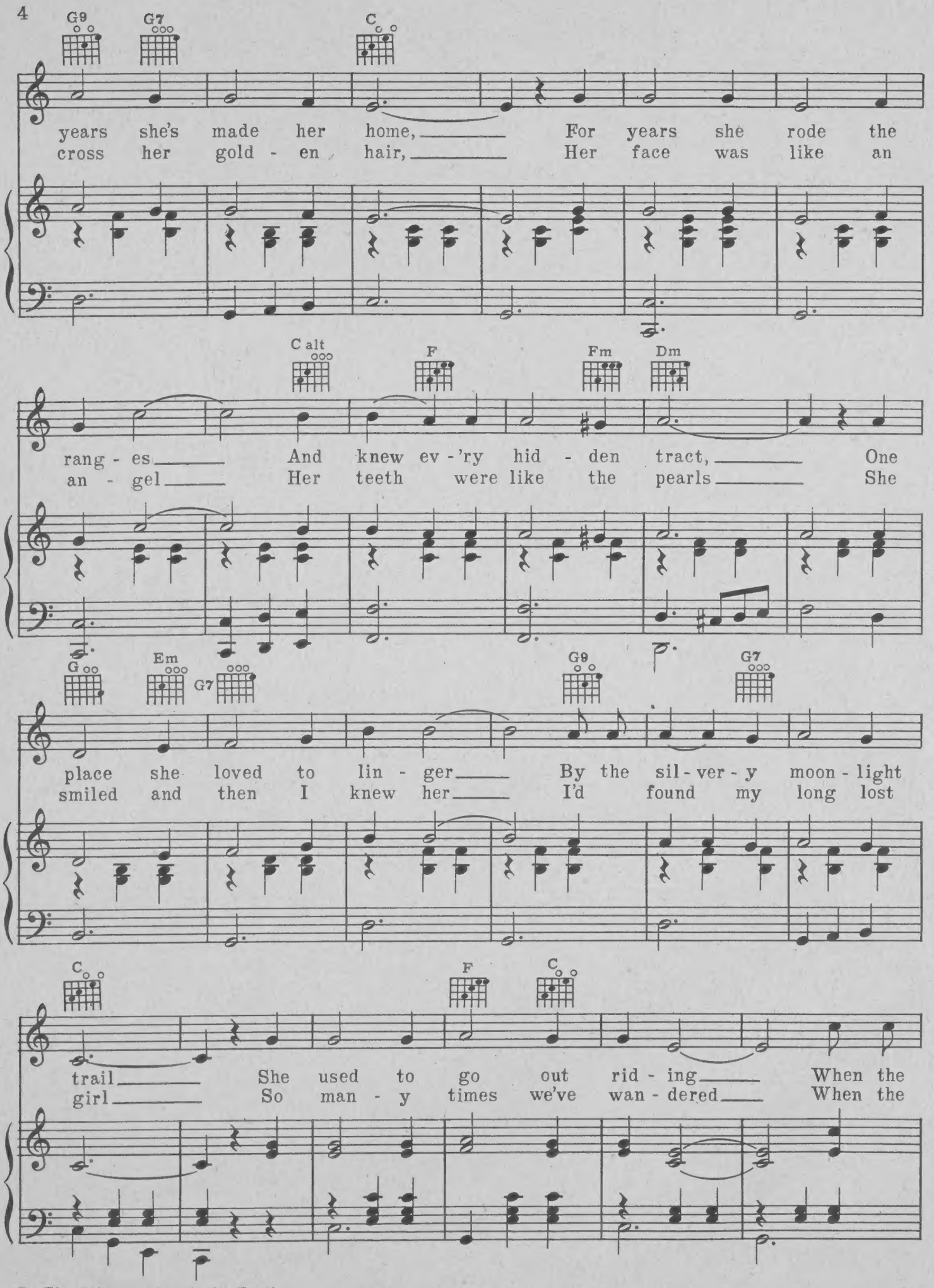
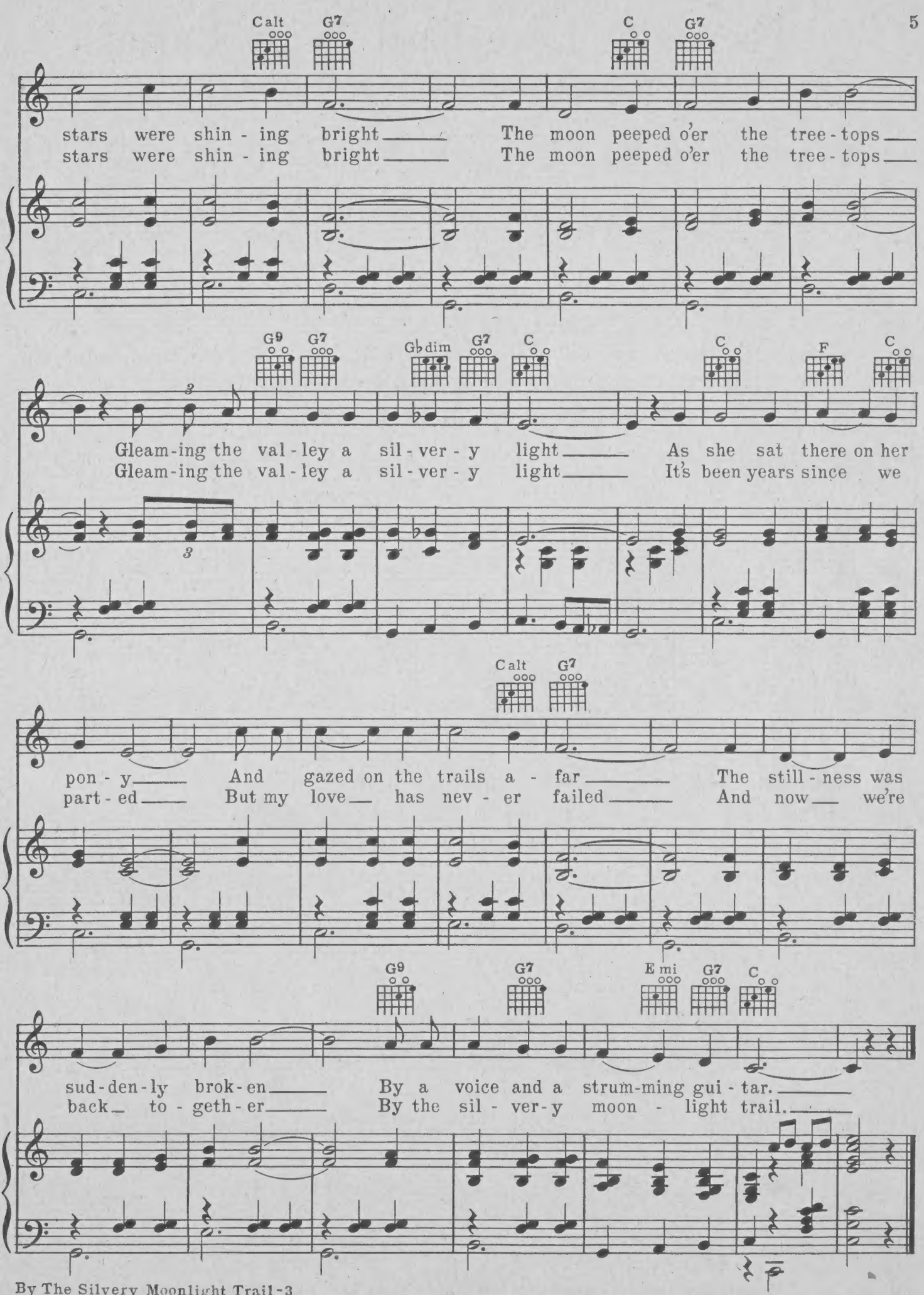
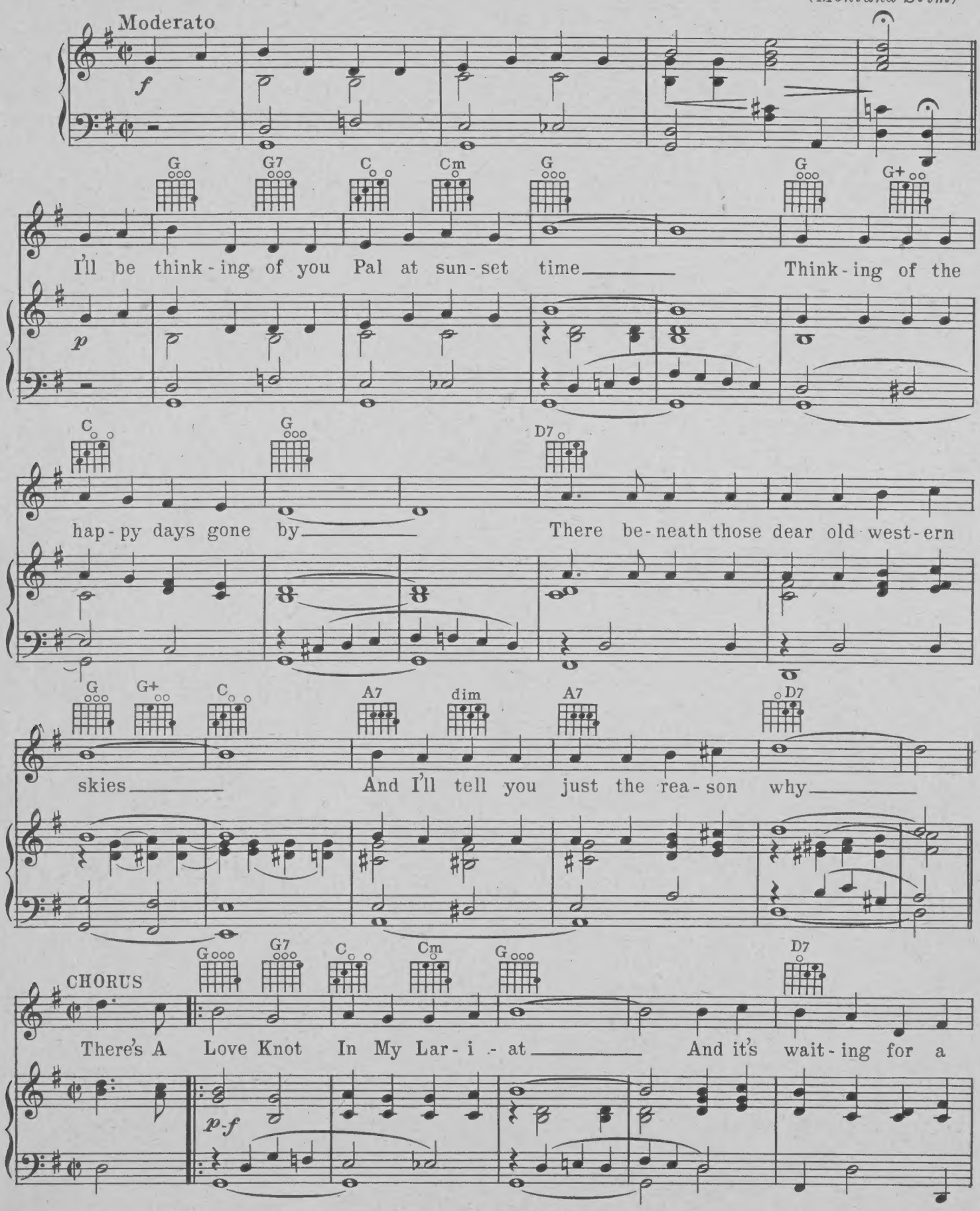

G9
G7
C
years she's made her home, For years she rode the
cross her gold - en hair, Her face was like an
C alt
F
Fm
Dm
rang - es And knew ev - 'ry hid - den tract, One
an - gel Her teeth were like the pearls She
G
Em
G7
G9
G7
place she loved to lin - ger By the sil - ver - y moon - light
smiled and then I knew her I'd found my long lost
C
F
C
trail She used to go out rid - ing When the
girl So man - y times we've wan - dered When the


Calt G7 C G7
stars were shin - ing bright The moon peeped o'er the tree - tops
stars were shin - ing bright The moon peeped o'er the tree - tops
G9 G7 Gbdim G7 C C F C
Gleam-ing the val - ley a sil - ver - y light As she sat there on her
Gleam-ing the val - ley a sil - ver - y light It's been years since we
Calt G7
pon - y And gazed on the trails a - far The still - ness was
part - ed But my love has nev - er failed And now we're
G9 G7 E mi G7 C
sud - den - ly brok - en By a voice and a strum-ming gui - tar.
back to - geth - er By the sil - ver - y moon - light trail.

There's A Love Knot In My Lariat

Victor Blue Bird Record B4619

By WILF CARTER
(*Montana Slim*)



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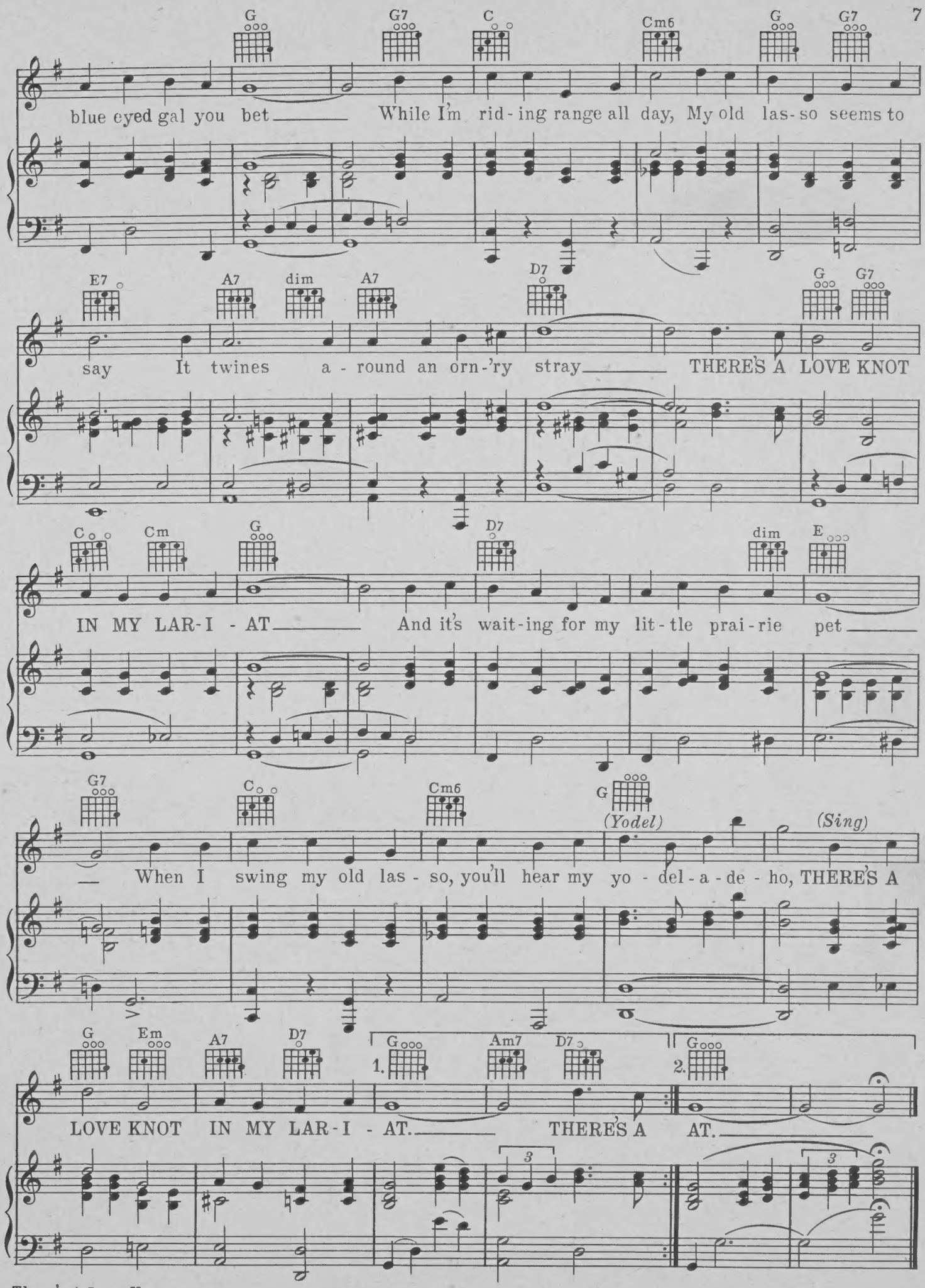
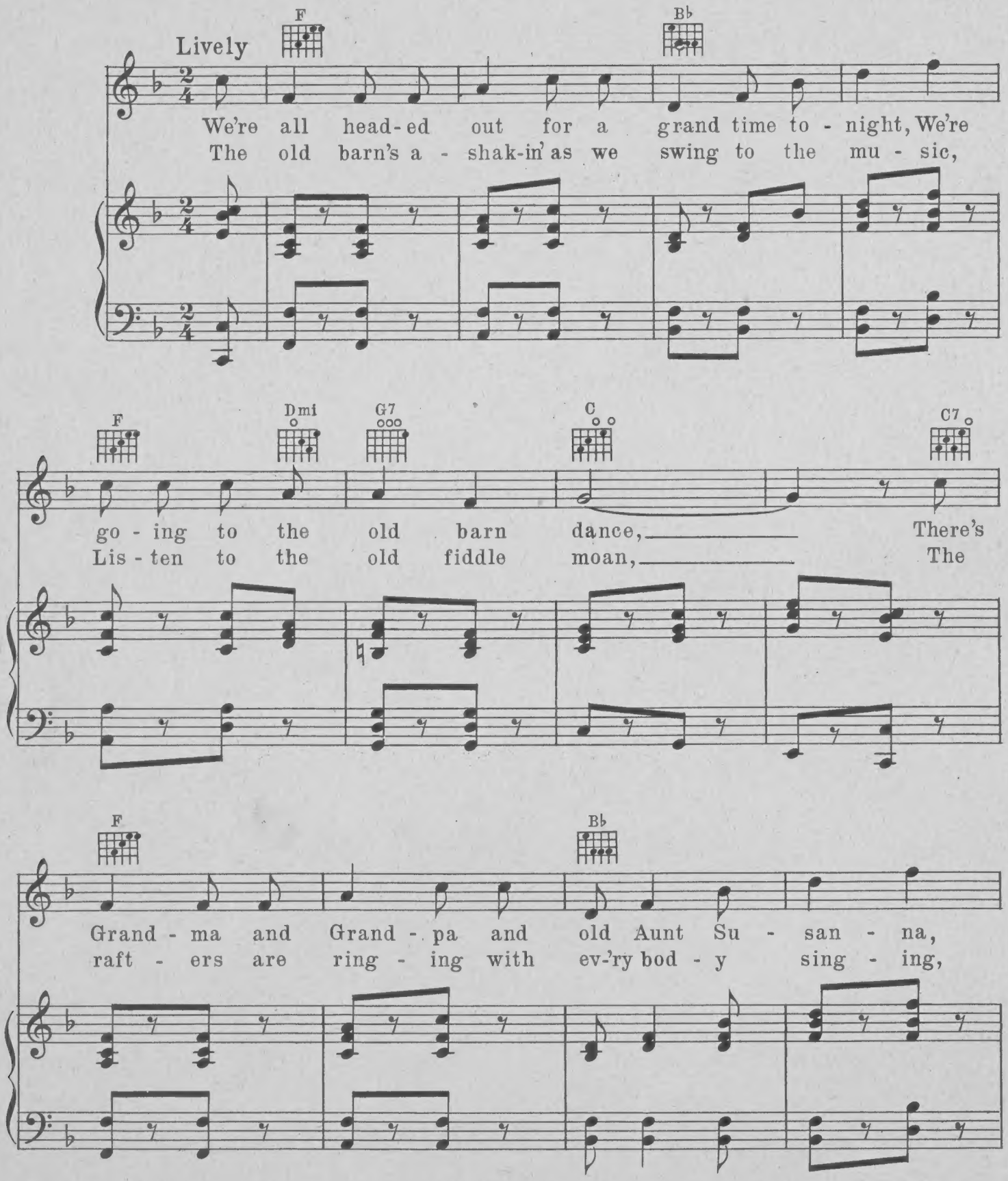

G G7 C Cm6 G G7
blue eyed gal you bet While I'm rid-ing range all day, My old las-so seems to
E7 A7 dim A7 D7 G G7
say It twines a-round an orn-'ry stray THERE'S A LOVE KNOT
C Cm G D7 dim E
IN MY LAR-I-AT And it's wait-ing for my lit-tle prai-rie pet
G7 C Cm6 G
(Yodel) (Sing)
When I swing my old las-so, you'll hear my yo-del-a-de-ho, THERE'S A
G Em A7 D7 1. G Am7 D7 2. G
LOVE KNOT IN MY LAR-I-AT. THERE'S A AT.

The Old Barn Dance

Victor Blue Bird Record B 4603

WILF CARTER



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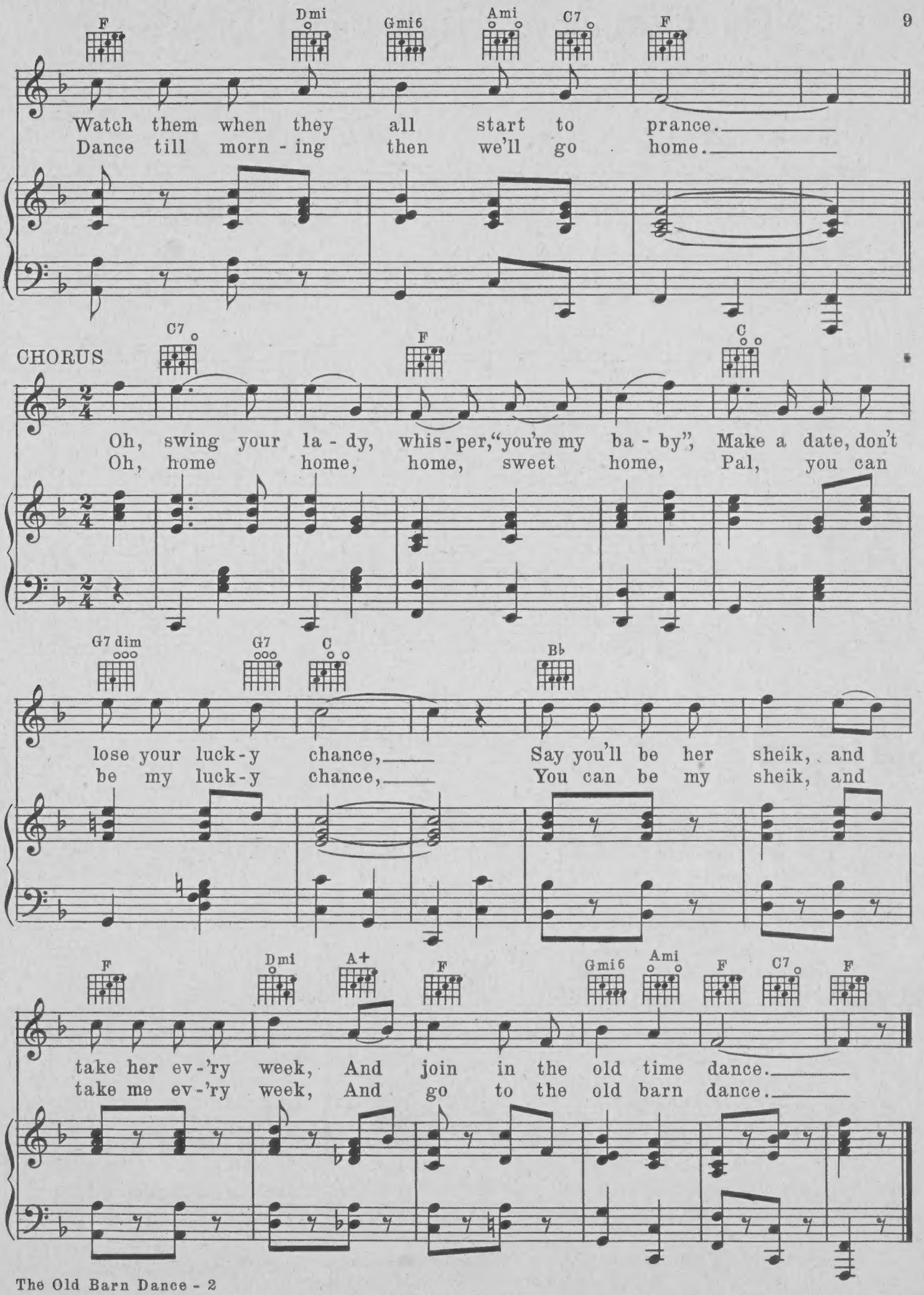
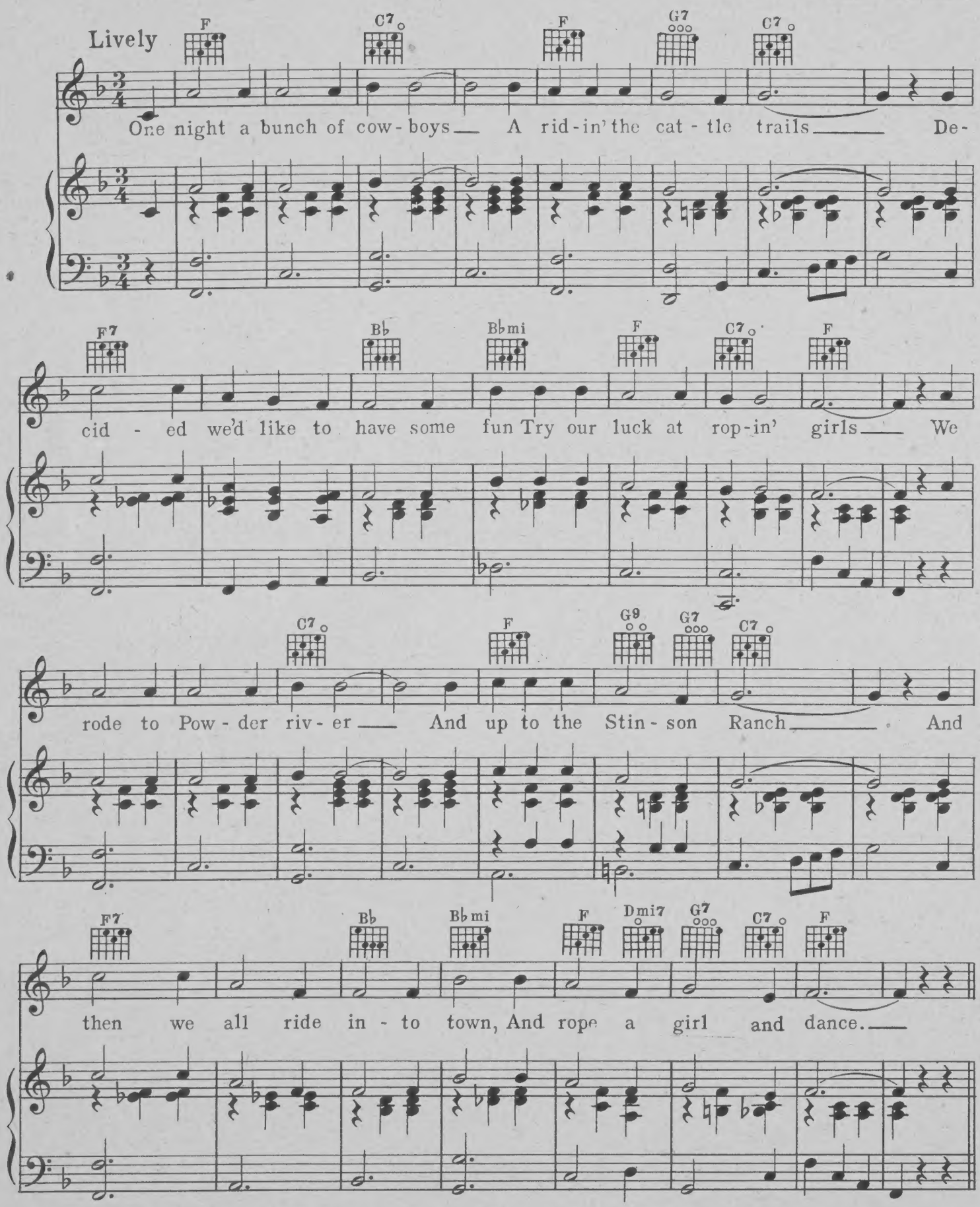

F
Dmi
Gmi6
Ami
C7
F
Watch them when they all start to prance.
Dance till morn - ing then we'll go home.
CHORUS
C7
F
C
Oh, swing your la - dy, whis - per, "you're my ba - by", Make a date, don't
Oh, home home, home, sweet home, Pal, you can
G7 dim
G7
C
B♭
lose your luck - y chance, Say you'll be her sheik, and
be my luck - y chance, You can be my sheik, and
F
Dmi
A+
F
Gmi6
Ami
F
C7
F
take her ev - 'ry week, And join in the old time dance.
take me ev - 'ry week, And go to the old barn dance.

The Cow-boys' High-toned Dance

Victor Blue Bird Record B 4991

WILF CARTER



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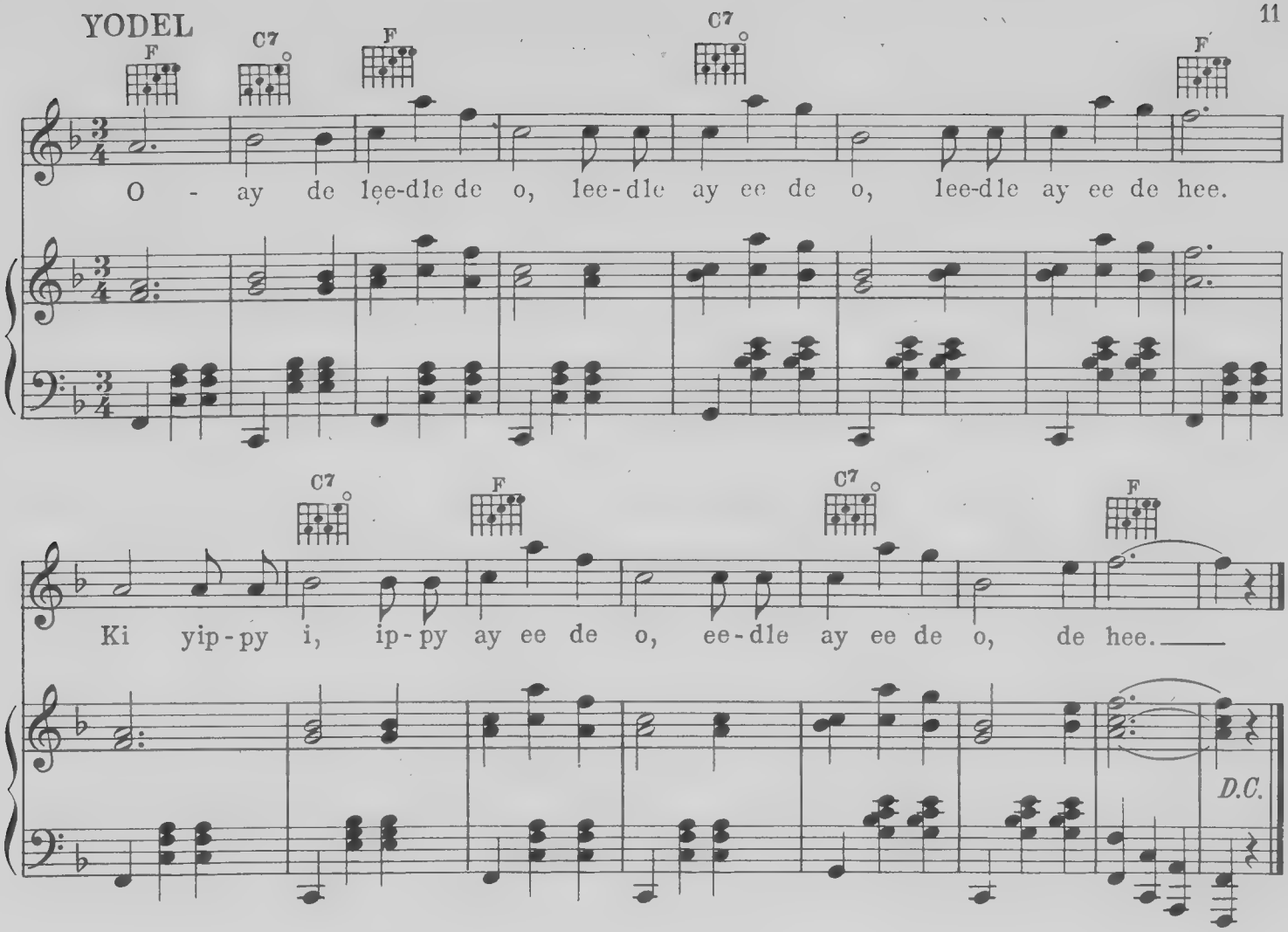


3.
I catches one, a dandy
Her hair was chestnut brown
And she sure was a wild one
None could tame her down.

4.
When at last the music started
And away we go for a whirl
She bucked about like a Cayuse
Like a regular cowboy's girl.

5.
My shoes were kind of awkward
And my spurs stuck out behind
When turning a corner, I spurred a girl
And then she started to unwind.

6.
We done the old Black Bottom
And then the Highland Fling
My spurs and chaps a flying
Like an angel on heavenly wings.

7.
At last I got her milling
And kinda quieted down
I takes a line for the corner
Where my pals were standing round.

8.
I've roped bronchos on the ranges
And most of them could tame
But never again, will I rope a girl
If she's a dark haired dame.

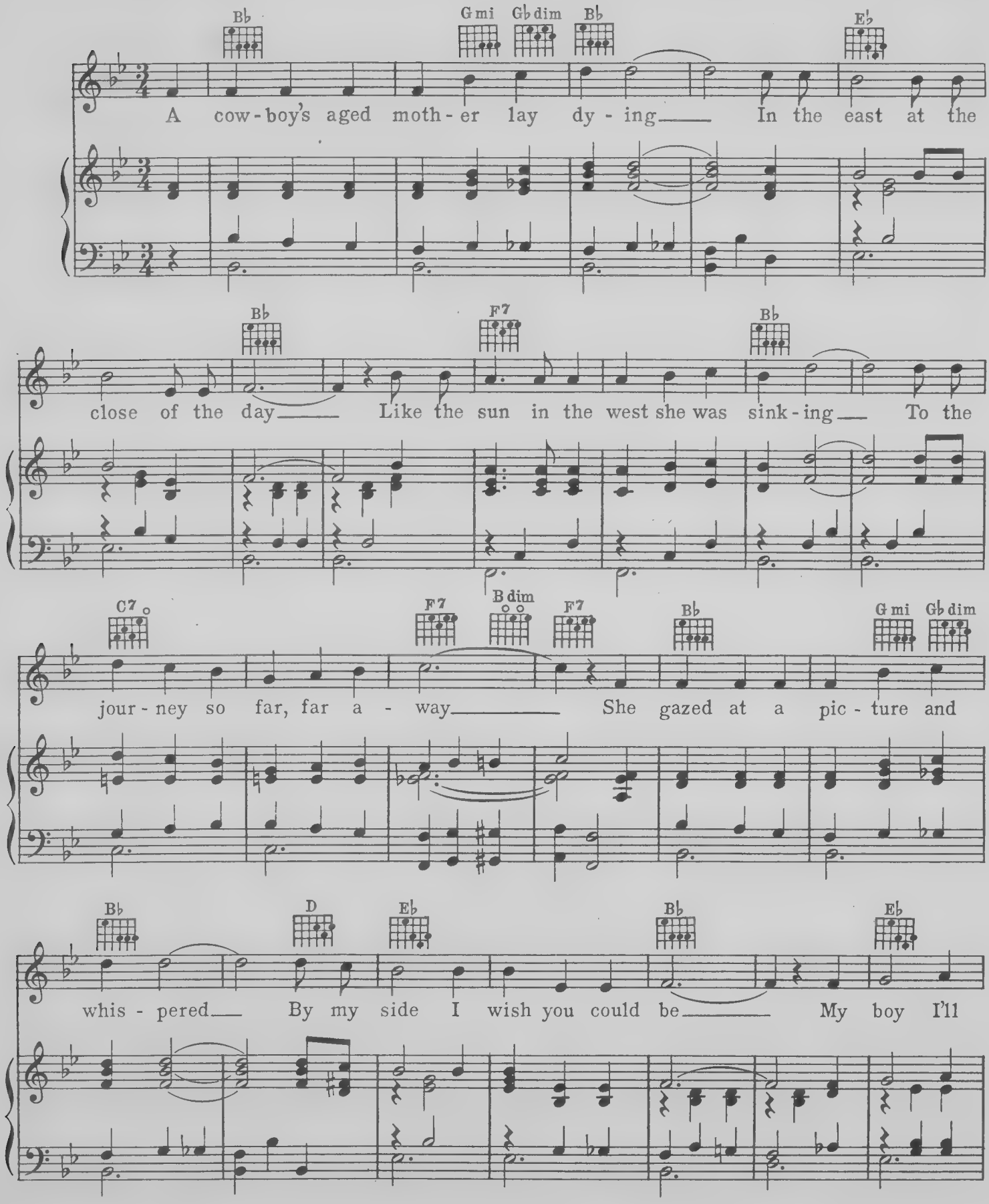
9.
Her shoes had all been battered
From me tramping on her toes
My spurs had torn her stockings
And ripped off half her clothes.

10.
She comes and sits beside me
Asks me for another prance
Not often we get a Cowboy, said she
To come to a High-toned Dance.

Cowboy's Mother

Victor Blue Bird Record B4997

Words by MAE McLEOD
Music by WILF CARTER



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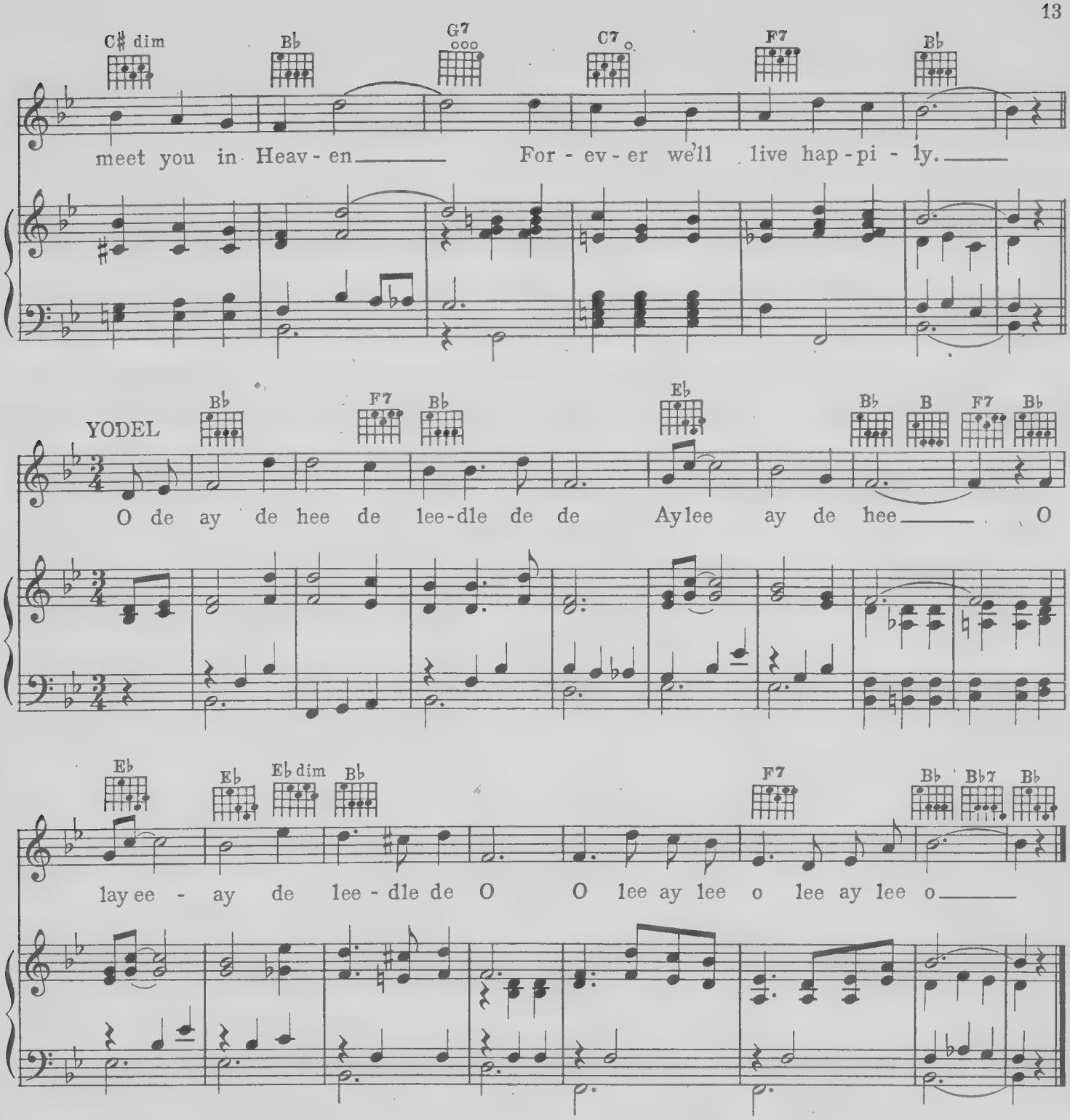

3.
A cowboy out West lay adreaming
Of a home and a mother so dear,
He dreamed that he heard her calling,
And he wiped from her sad face, a tear.

4.
He fondled her close to his bosom,
In his dream that night as he lay,
Next morning he read the sad message,
"The angels took mother away."

5.
The old home is sad and so lonely,
No sound of the old rocking chair,
No more that sweet voice to greet you
There's nothing but emptiness there.

6.
Her soul has answered His calling
To come to the land far away,
And enjoy the life everlasting,
Awaiting the great judgment day.

Pete Knight's Last Ride

WILF CARTER

Moderato

C G7 G9 G7

It seems my whole life's full of heart-aches and sighs, Al-ways some-thing to

G9 G7 C F B7 C G#dim A mi C

make me feel blue___ For I've just lost a pal, like a broth-er to me. Seems

D7 G7 C#dim G7 C G7

I can't be - lieve that it's true___ We were old pals on the prai-rie so gay, Man-y

G9 G7 G9 G7 C F F#dim C

times we have rode side by side___ Nev-er dream-ing a bron-cho would throw him

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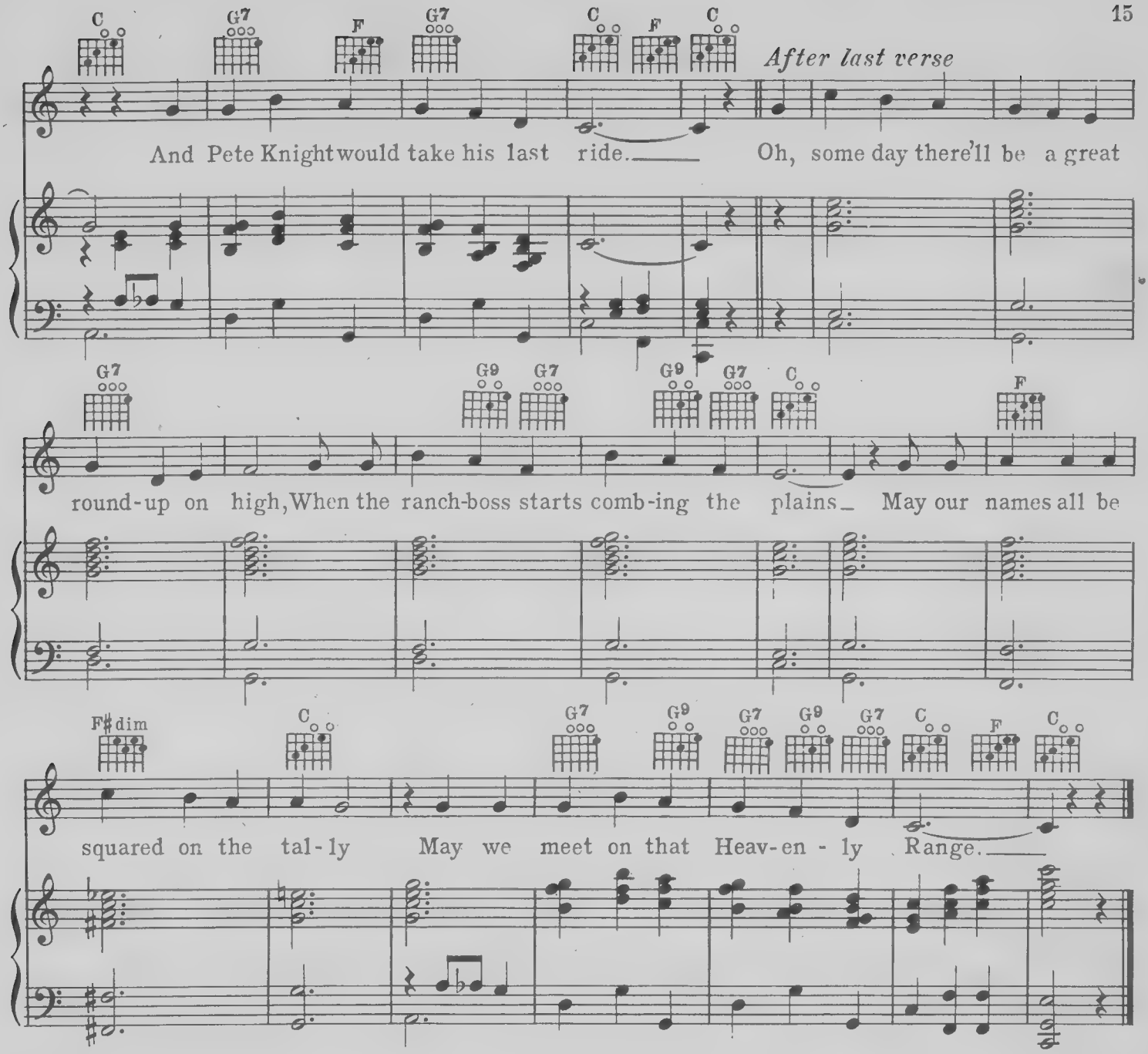

He was riding a broncho called "Slo-Down,"
Many times he had spurred his old hide;
But when he left the chute, Fate played its hand,
That's when Pete took his last ride.
He'll still remain King of the Cowboys,
Many times he has won world wide fame;
And millions of people who knew him,
They all idolize Pete Knight's name.

It was only last Fall that we parted, so gay,
His hand shake I'll always recall;
When he said, So long, pal, good luck to you
I'll see you the next coming Fall
But now I stand, head bowed in silence
While a teardrop, it falls unashamed
We'll miss him a lot since he left us
But old memories will always remain.

The Yodelling Trail Rider

Victor Blue Bird Record B4985

WILF CARTER

Con moto

G G7 C Adim G G7 Ami C

Oh, high up on the moun - tain side, no laws to both - er
And when the flam - ing sun is set and stars peep from the
Oh, how I love the moun - tain trails, the streams with fish ga -

G G♯dim D7 G C Ami C♯dim G Emi A7

me No wor - ries prey up - on my mind, my life is
sky The moun - tain li - ons start to prowl, the lone coy -
lore A tee - pee for my lit - tle home, a spruce bough

D7 G G7 C Adim G G7

wild and free Where men are men, a friend a friend, we
o - te cry The moon comes peep - ing o'er the hills, I
for a door An ap - pe - tite just like a horse, my

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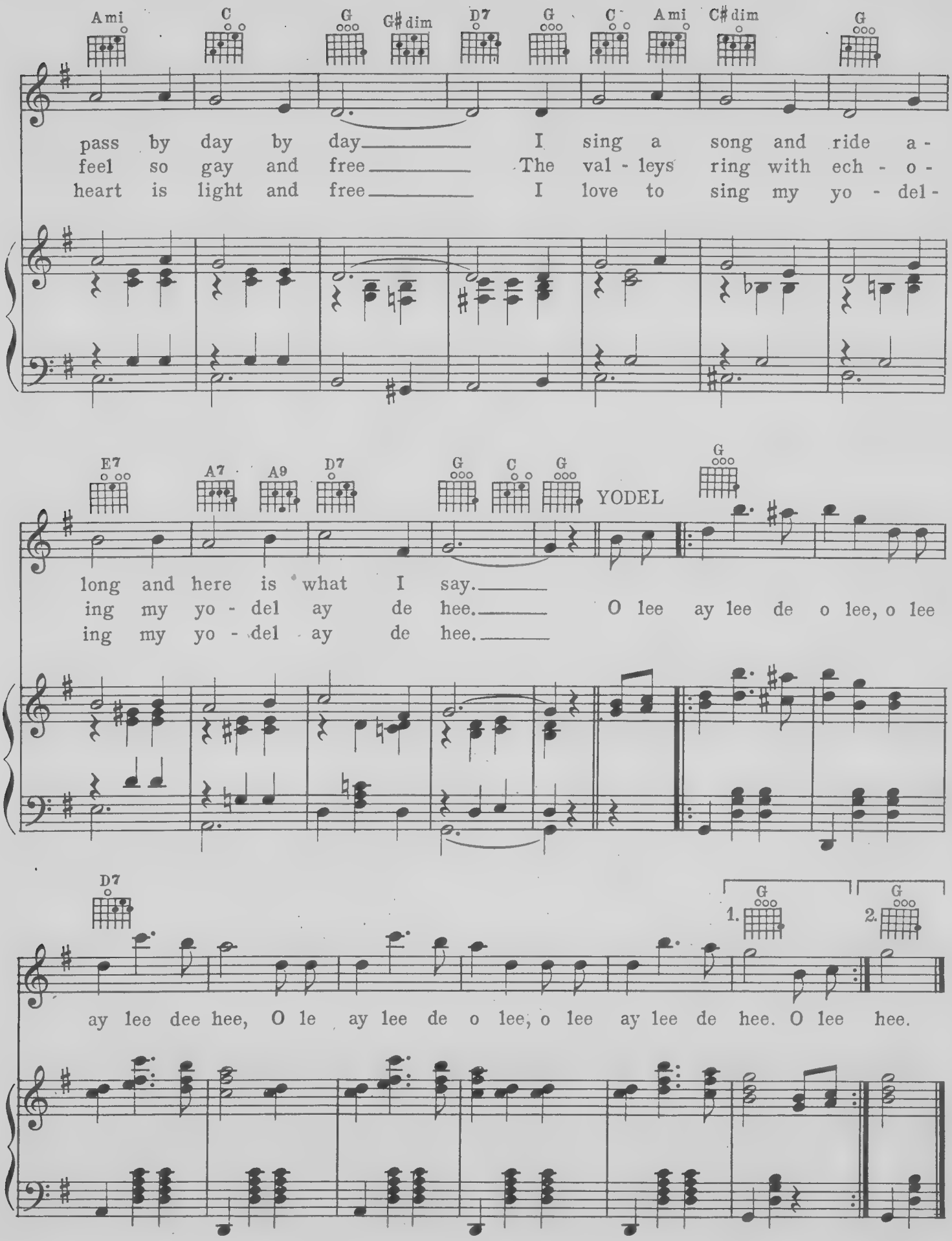
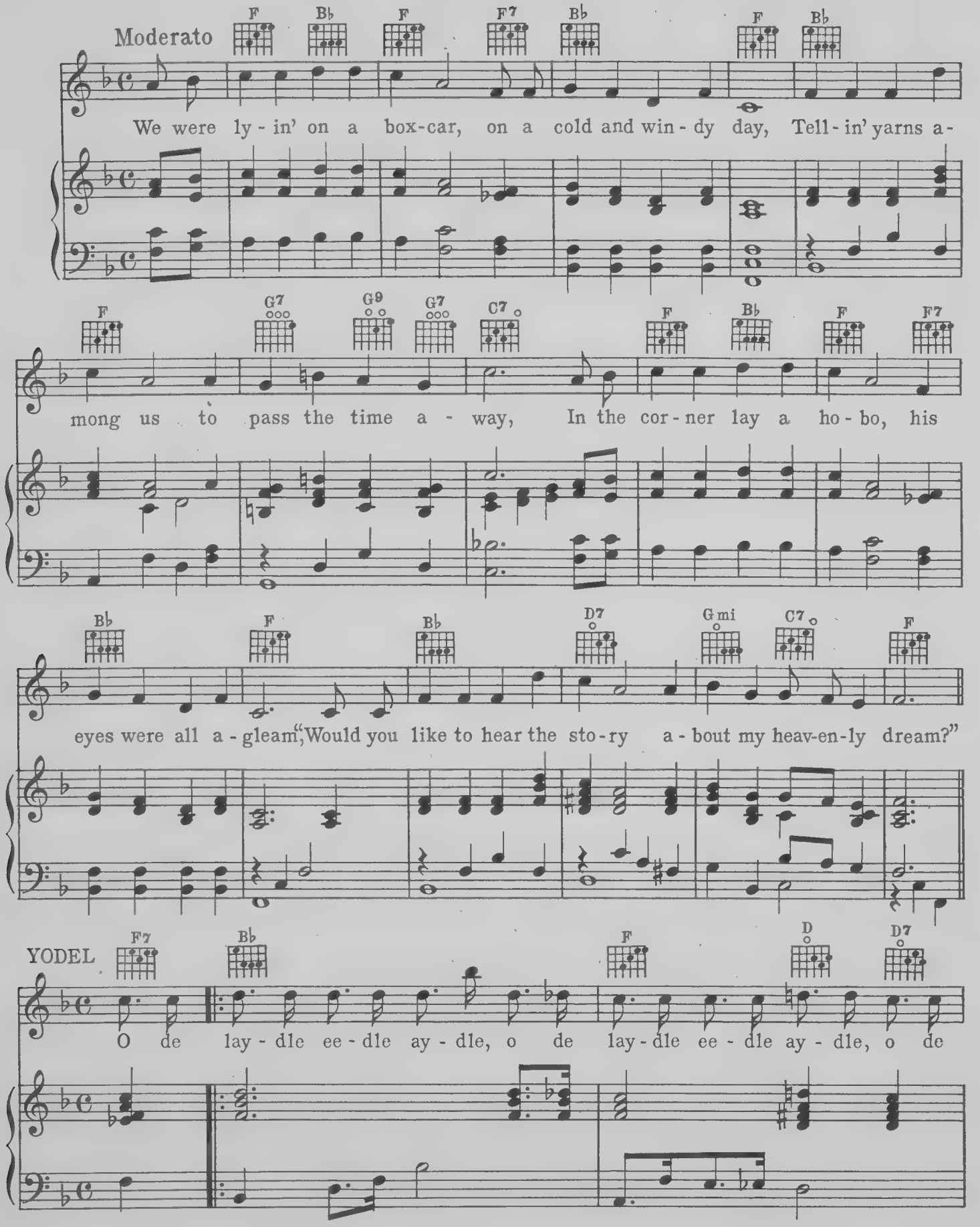

Ami C G G♯dim D7 G C Ami C♯dim G
pass by day by day I sing a song and ride a-
feel so gay and free The val - leys ring with ech - o-
heart is light and free I love to sing my yo - del-
E7 A7 A9 D7 G C G YODEL G
long and here is what I say.
ing my yo - del ay de hee. O lee ay lee de o lee, o lee
ing my yo - del ay de hee.
D7 1. G 2. G
ay lee dee hee, O le ay lee de o lee, o lee ay lee de hee. O lee hee.

The Hobo's Dream Of Heaven

Victor Blue Bird Record B4986

WILF CARTER



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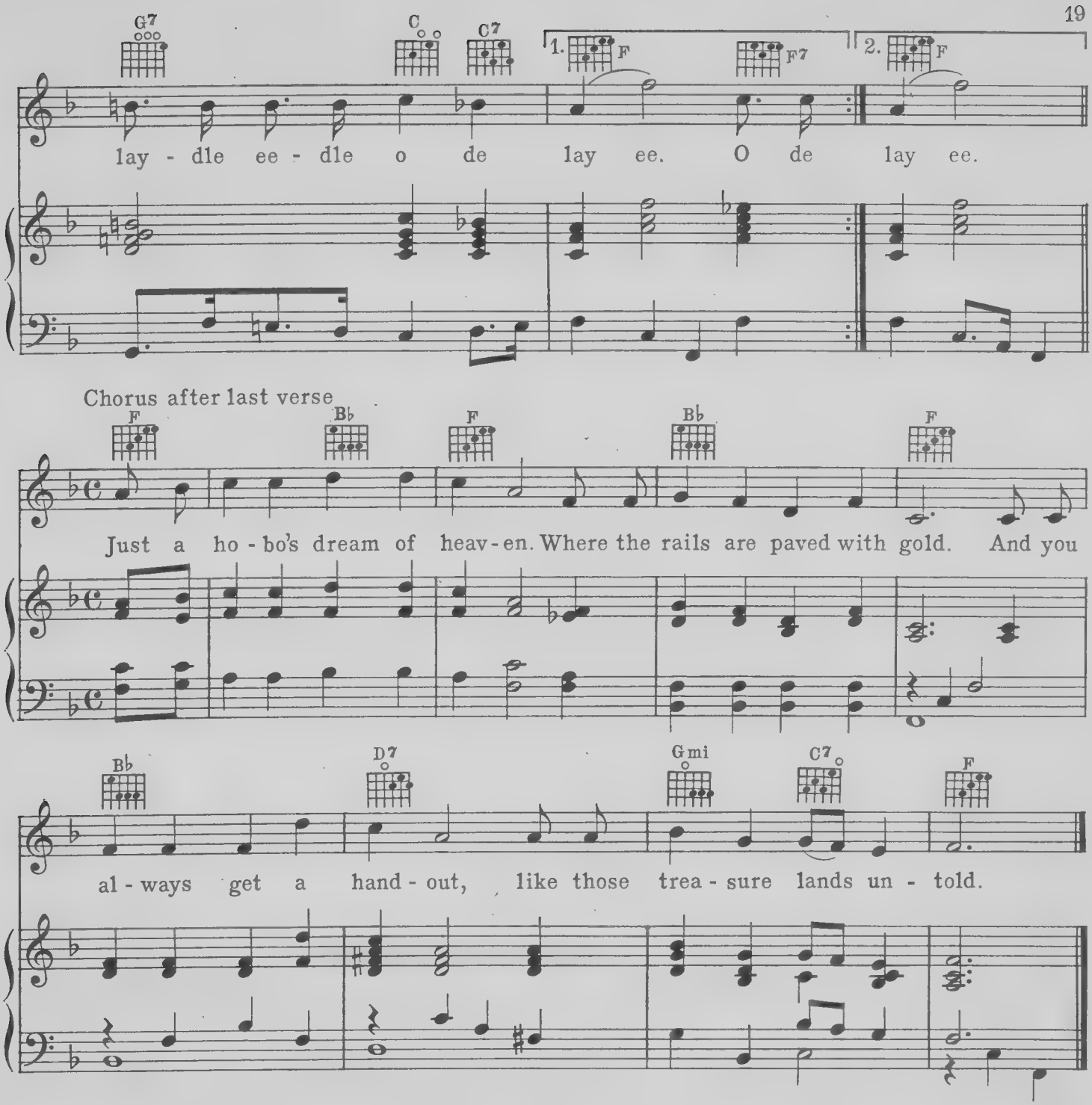


One night I lay a-dreaming as the train rolled down the rails,
I dreamed I was in heaven where they didn't have no jails.
The policemen all were smiling, the brakemen waved good-bye,
As the train rolled on thru heaven, that fair land in the sky.

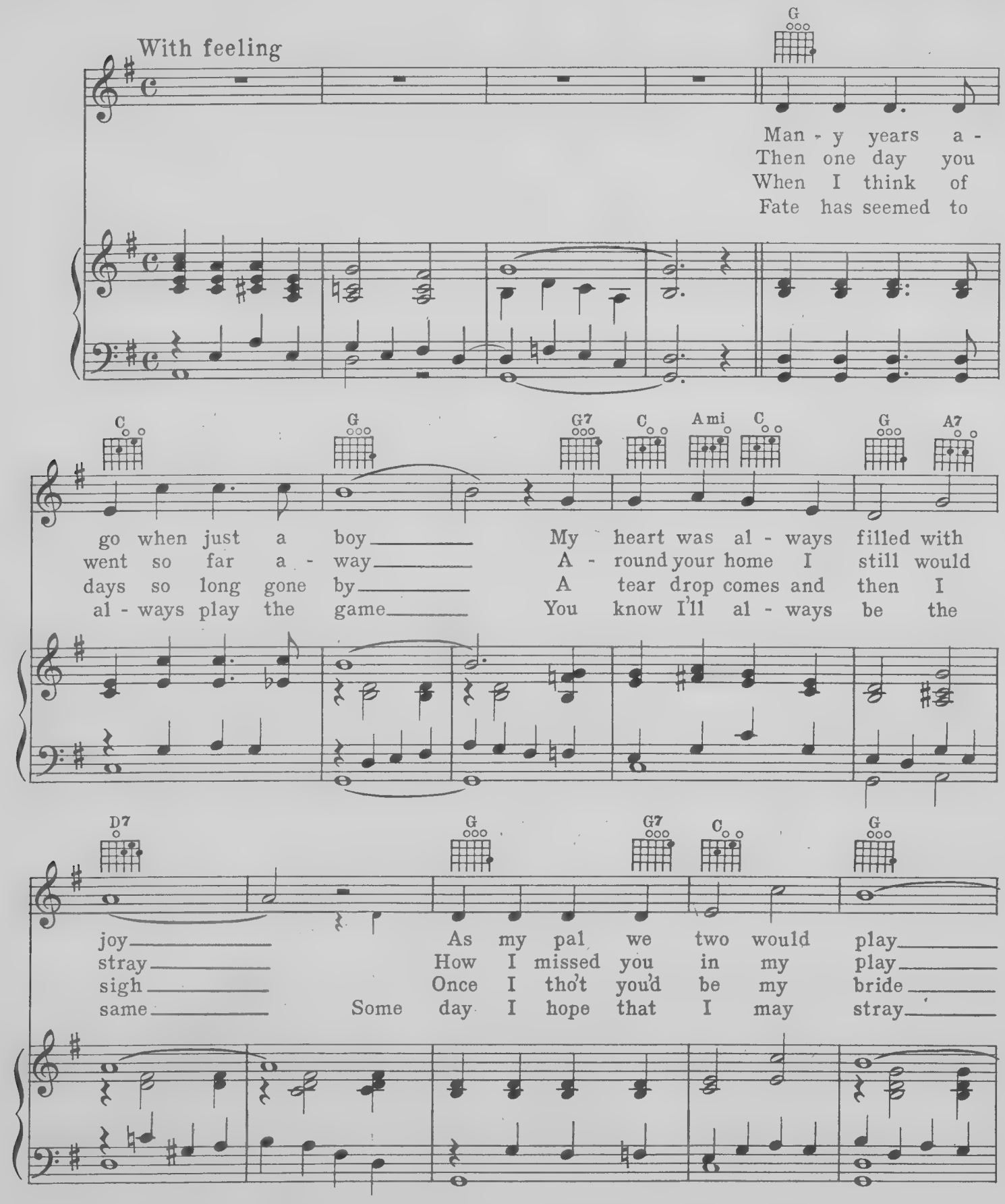
The box cars were all silver, the rails were paved with gold,
Each box car had a grub stake, like treasure land untold.
Now who ever heard of a hobo flitting around on wings?
Without a bit of kiddin' I seen that very thing.

But the best I seen was a hobo ariding on a train,
He had a high silk hat, swung a gold top walkin' cane;
He throwed me a silver dollar as he met me in the door,
I woke up all excited, scratching on the box car floor.

You Were The Sweetheart Of My Childhood Days

Victor Blue Bird Record B4604

WILF CARTER



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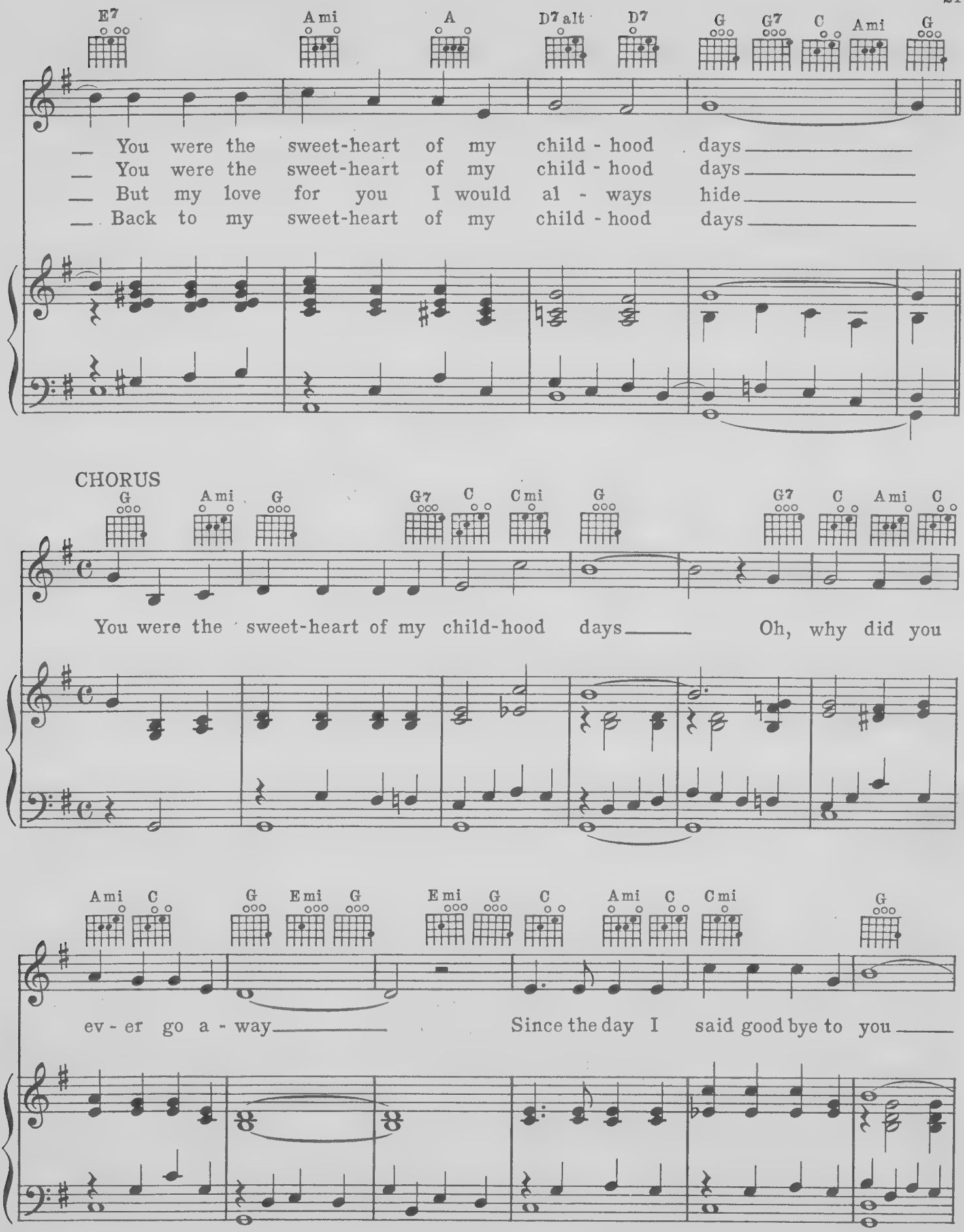
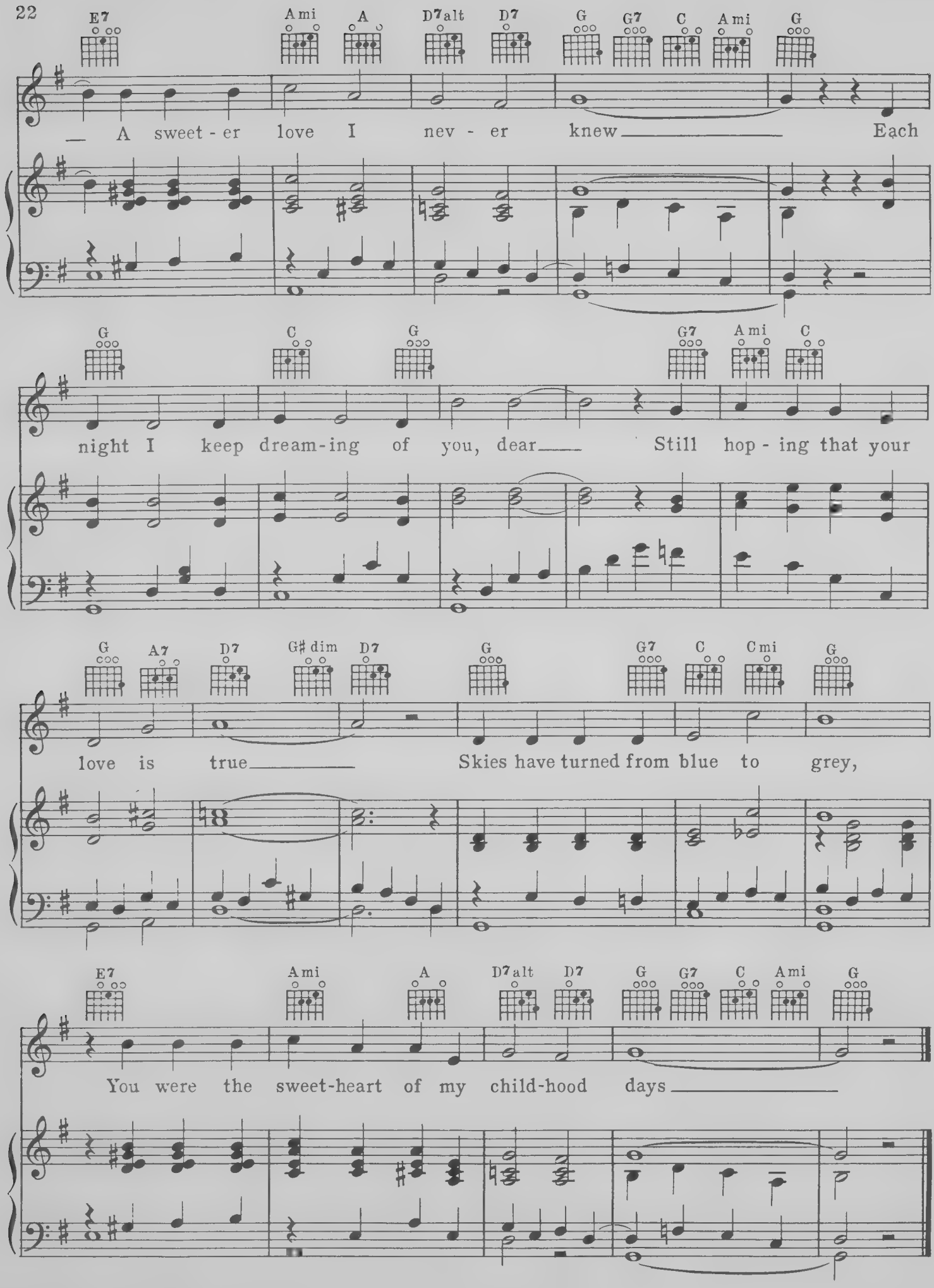
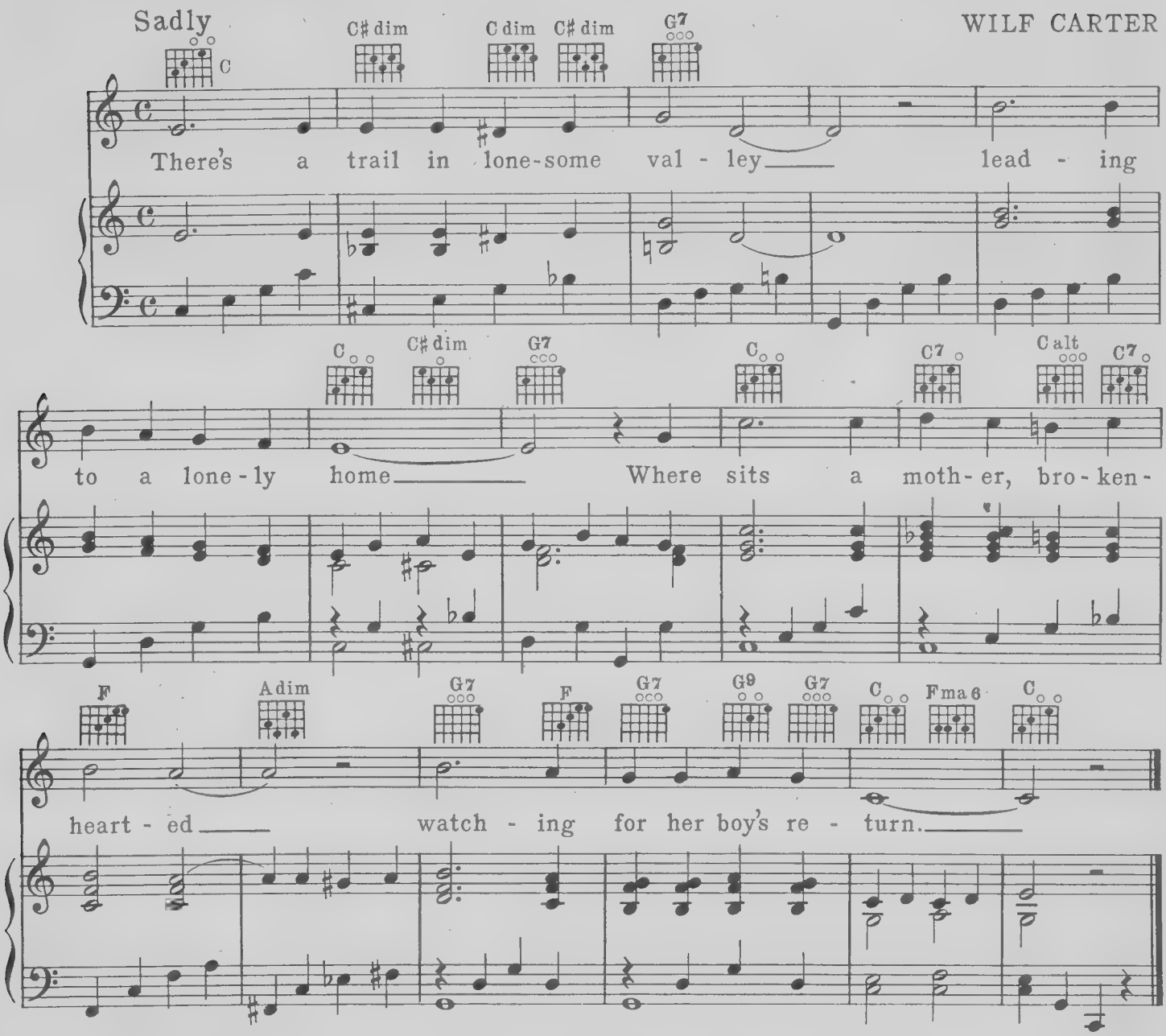

E7 Ami A D7alt D7 G G7 C Ami G
— You were the sweet-heart of my child - hood days —
— You were the sweet-heart of my child - hood days —
— But my love for you I would al - ways hide —
— Back to my sweet-heart of my child - hood days —
CHORUS
G Ami G G7 C Cmi G G7 C Ami C
You were the sweet-heart of my child-hood days — Oh, why did you
Ami C G Emi G Emi G C Ami C Cmi G
ev - er go a - way — Since the day I said good bye to you —


E7 Ami A D7alt D7 G G7 C Ami G
A sweet - er love I nev - er knew Each
G C G G7 Ami C
night I keep dream-ing of you, dear Still hop - ing that your
G A7 D7 G# dim D7 G G7 C Cmi G
love is true Skies have turned from blue to grey,
E7 Ami A D7alt D7 G G7 C Ami G
You were the sweet-heart of my child-hood days

The Dying Mother's Prayer

Victor Blue Bird Record B4995



2. "I'll never forget the day he left me, I pleaded for him not to go,
For he was going to the city with the shining lights aglow.

3. Soon he fell in with companions, down deep in the sin of crime,
First to drinking, then to gambling, they led that darling boy of mine.

4. Then one night they planned a robbery, holding up the evening mail,
But the plot was soon discovered and the gang were caught and put in jail.

5. Behind steel bars for most a life time, twenty years is a long long time,
Each night I prayed to God in Heaven to please send back that boy of mine.

6. I know that soon I will be going to dwell up in that Heaven above,
No more sorrows, no more heartaches, for the one I dearly love.

7. One evening as I watched the sunset, still waiting for the evening mail,
I saw two shadows in the valley, coming up the winding trail.

8. Oh, God, have my prayers been answered, can it be" and her words failed there
"Thank God, thank God, my boy's returning," t'was a dying Mother's prayer.

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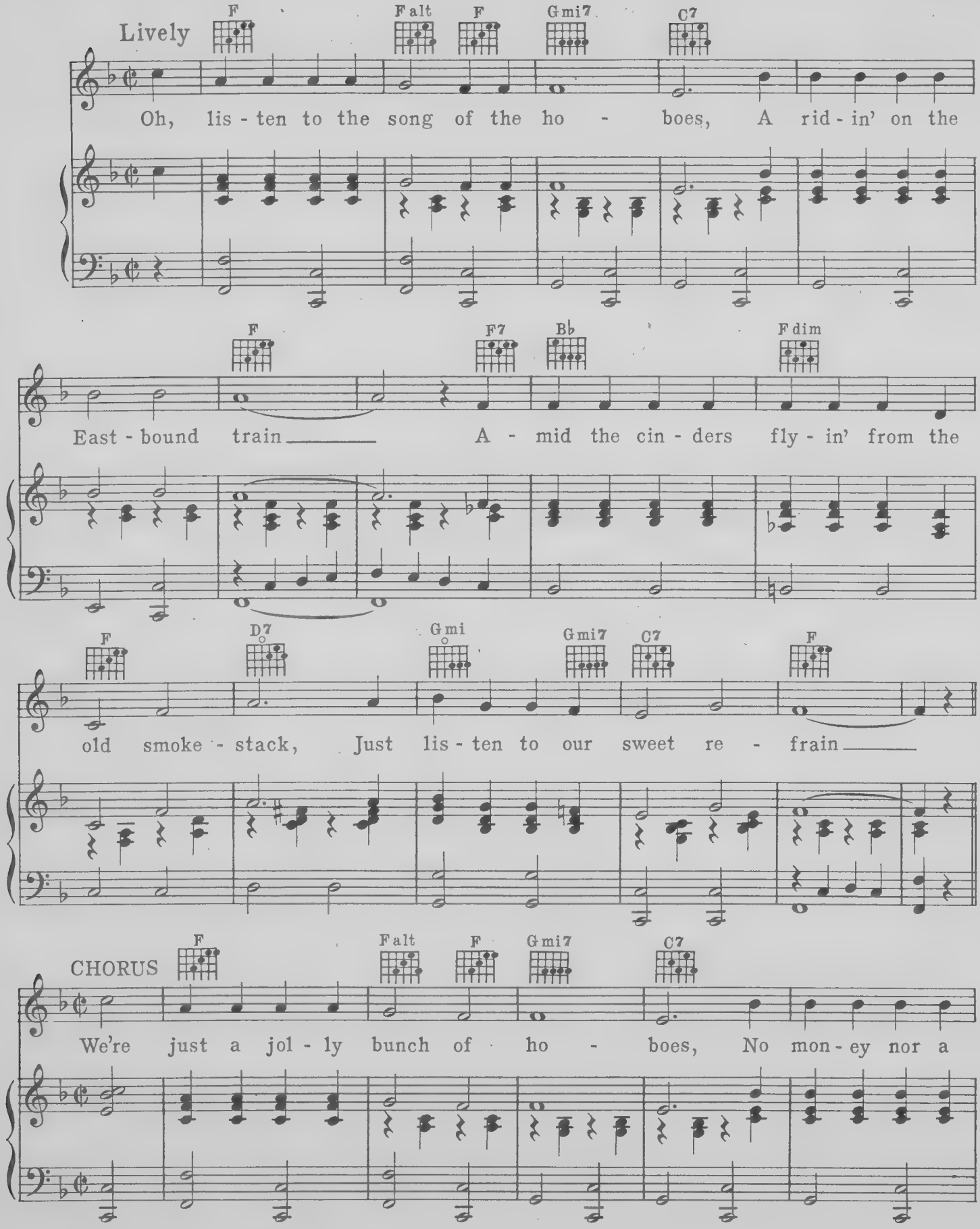
The Hobo's Song To The Mounties

Victor Blue Bird Record B4988

WILF CARTER



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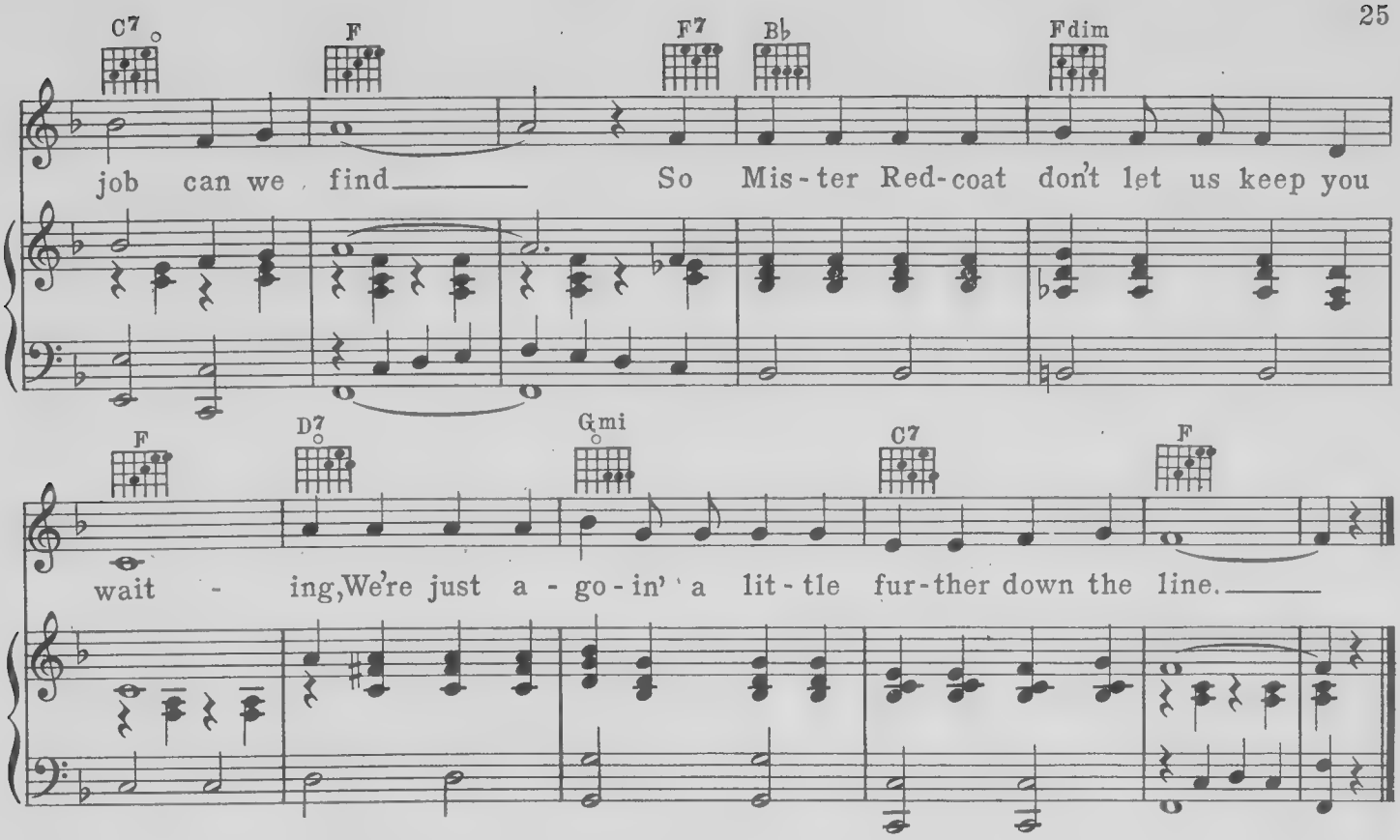


Did you folks ever stop to consider
What it was to have no money-not a dime?
Just fill yourself with air and sunshine
Like us hoboes that are riding on the line.

Some folks say that we have no worries,
No taxes, gas, or coal bills to pay;
We get our heat and gas from the old smoke-stack
While the old train is rattling on her way.

Now we don't ever stop for to worry,
The engineer's watching the line;
All we got to do is watch the mounties,
We don't have much trouble getting off in time.

His coat and button glistening in the sunshine,
And at his belt is hung a wicked gun;
Waiting just to catch a bunch of hoboes
Because depression's made us all go on the bum.

They say it's good to get some new acquaintance,
Many times we've been presented to the Judge;
Fourteen days in jail for riding on the rails
And then we all get thrown in the jug.

Do the police ever stop to consider
That we are helping them in their job,
If they didn't have the fun of keeping us on the run,
They'd all be with us riding on the rods.

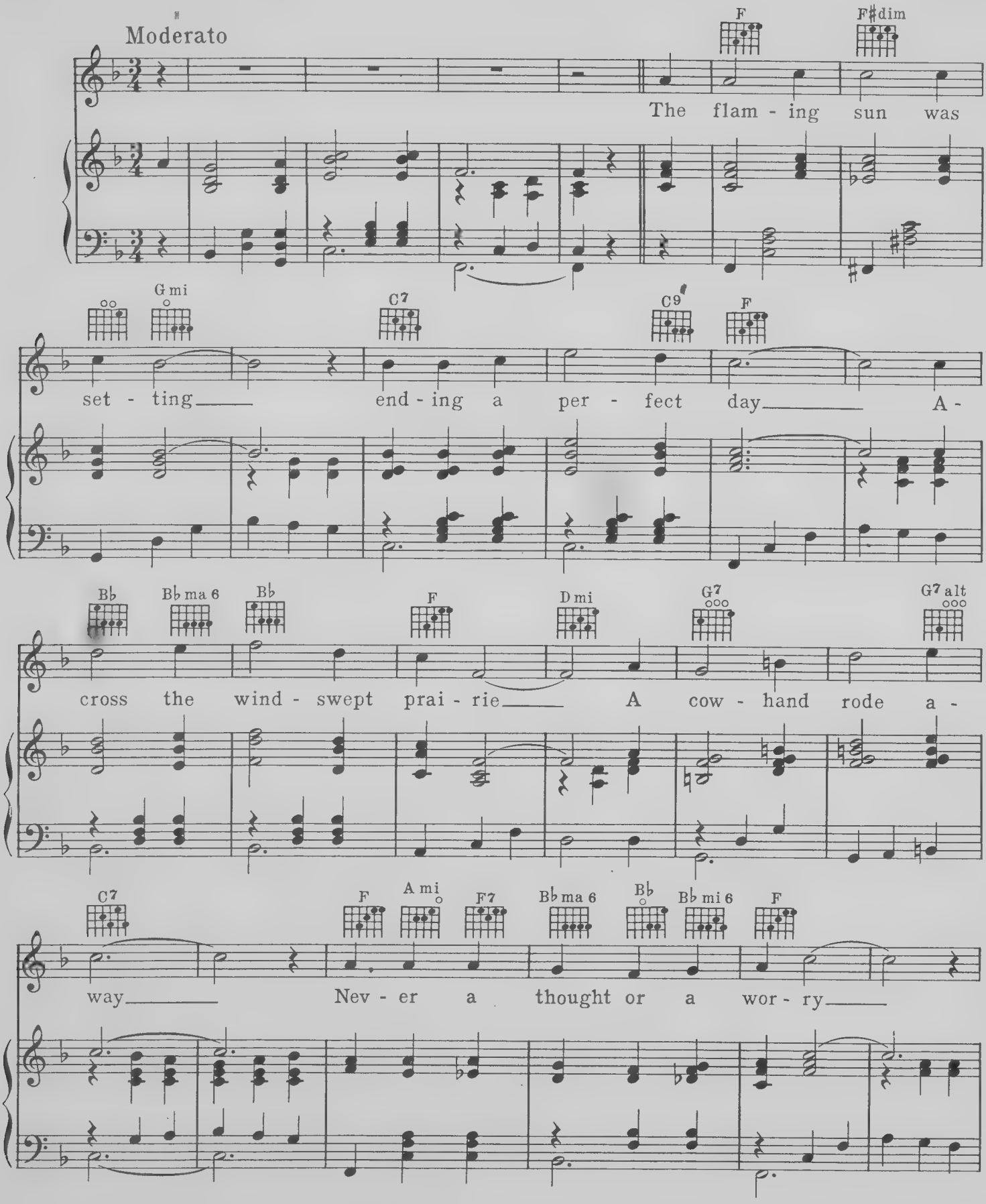
Our country is so rich we go hungry,
With wheat and flour piled galore;
And people wondering what's all the trouble,
Why depression keeps knocking at our door.

Now you folks have heard our story,
We'll have to be starting on our way,
They chase us going East and also going West—
I wonder where they think we're going to stay?

The Cowhand's Guiding Star

Victor Blue Bird Record B4986

WILF CARTER



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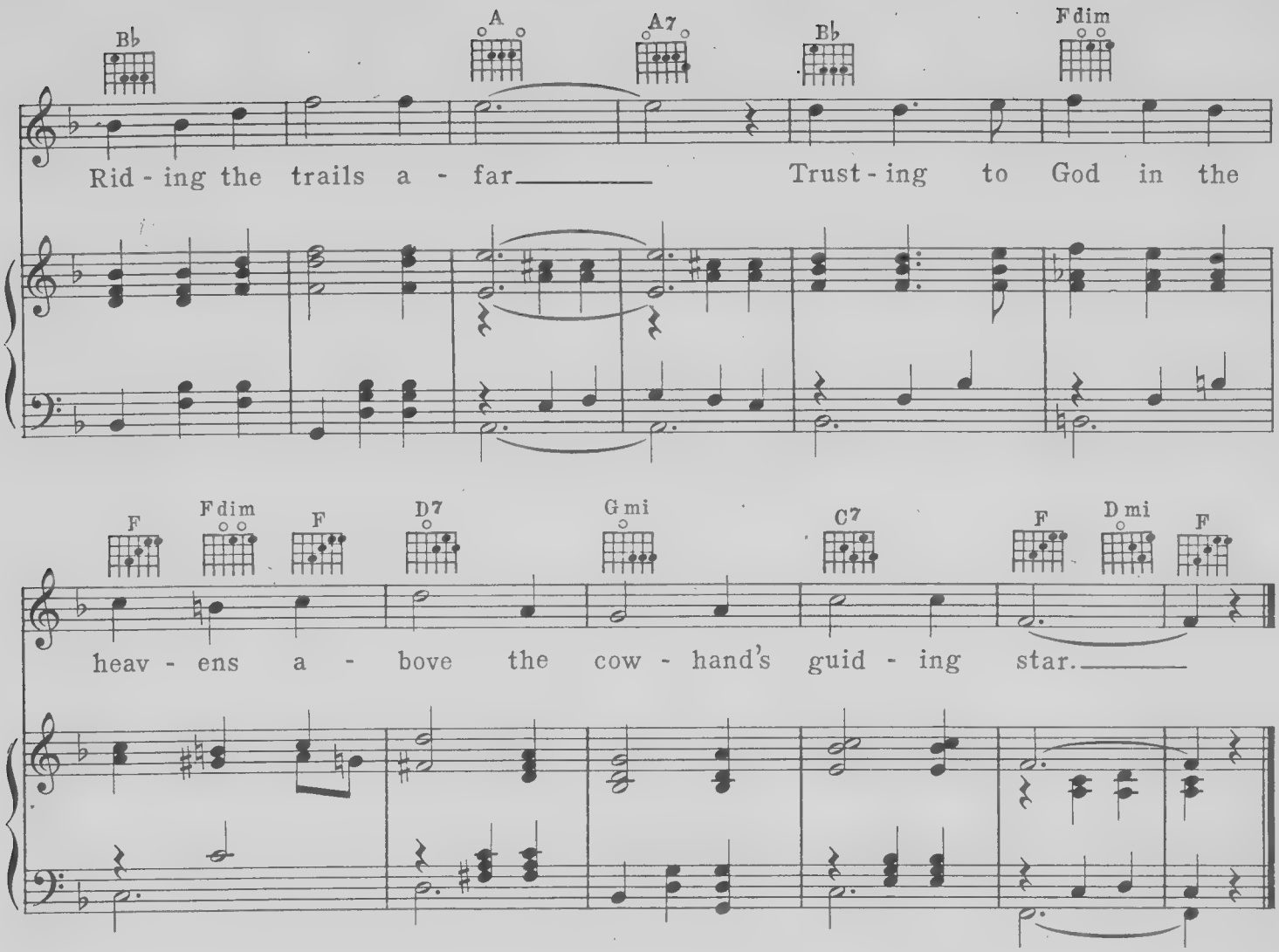


Sitting by the campfire, as the hours pass away;
Not a soul to talk to, awaiting the coming day;
Lying rolled in a blanket, dreaming of lands afar;
Guarded by one in the Heaven above, the cowhand's guiding star.

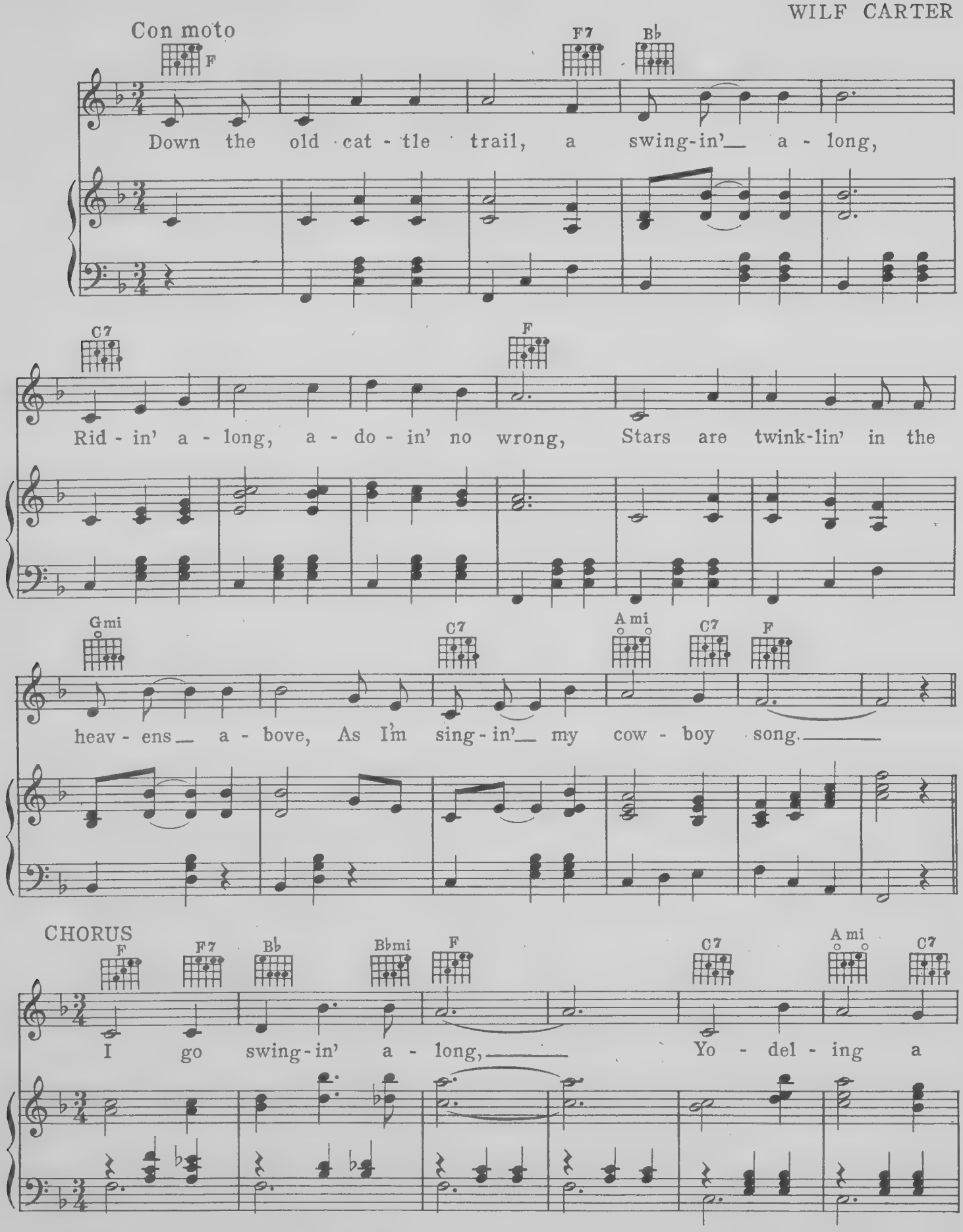
Up early in the morning ready to start the day,
Searching the hills and valleys where doggies love to stray;
All day long in the saddle, night time drawing nigh,
The sunset casts a silvery glow across the autumn sky.

A-riding in the twilight, just a mile to go,
There's a little ranch house, a yellow light aglow;
Some one patiently waiting for one who's traveling afar,
Trusting to God up in Heaven above, the cowhand's guiding star.

Down The Old Cattle Trail

Victor Blue Bird Record B4988

WILF CARTER



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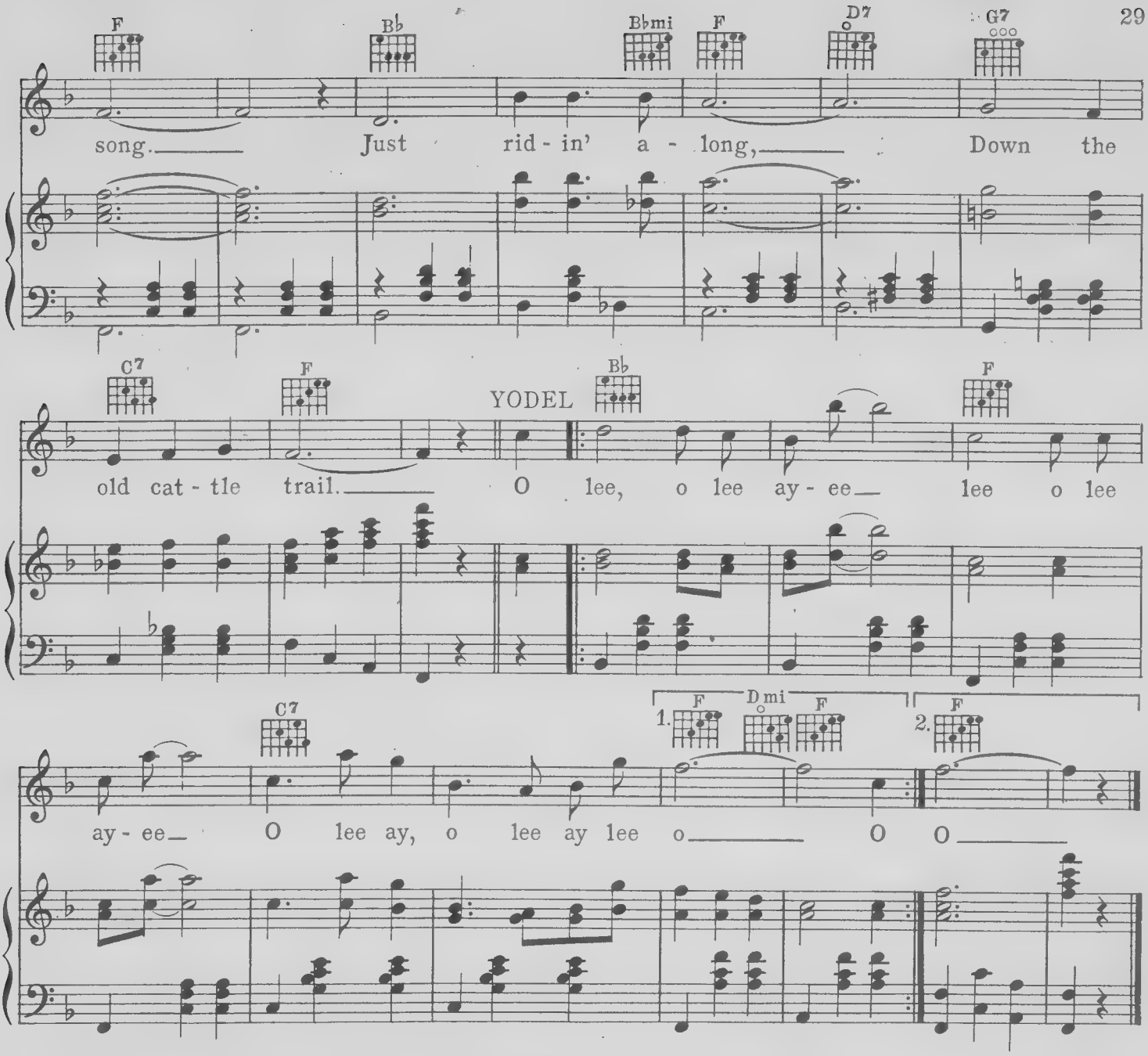


I'll roll in my blankets by the old cattle trail,
Listening to the night birds and coyotes wail,
Over the trees shines the pale yellow moon,
Down the cattle trail.

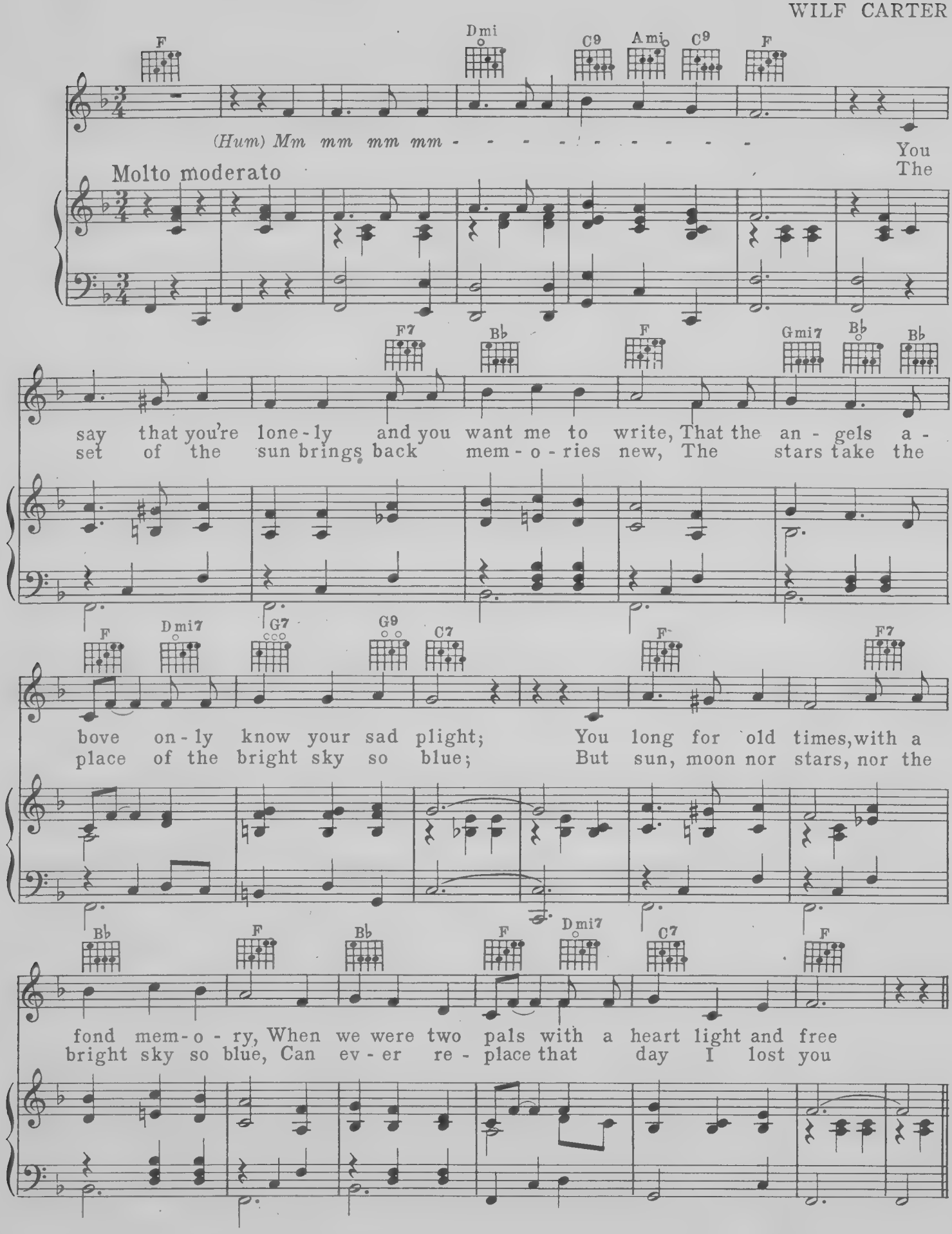
I sit alone by the little camp-fire,
I'll sing this old song and strum my guitar;
With bacon a sizzling in the old frying pan,
Drinking coffee from a can.

Roll up my blankets at the break of the day,
Head across the prairies, far, far, away;
Round-up is over and I'll soon get my pay,
Back to my home I'll stray.

Swinging along on my old pony Pete,
A singing a song, keeping time to hoof-beats;
To be back again will be such a treat,
The home folks again to meet.

Keep Smiling, Old Pal

WILF CARTER



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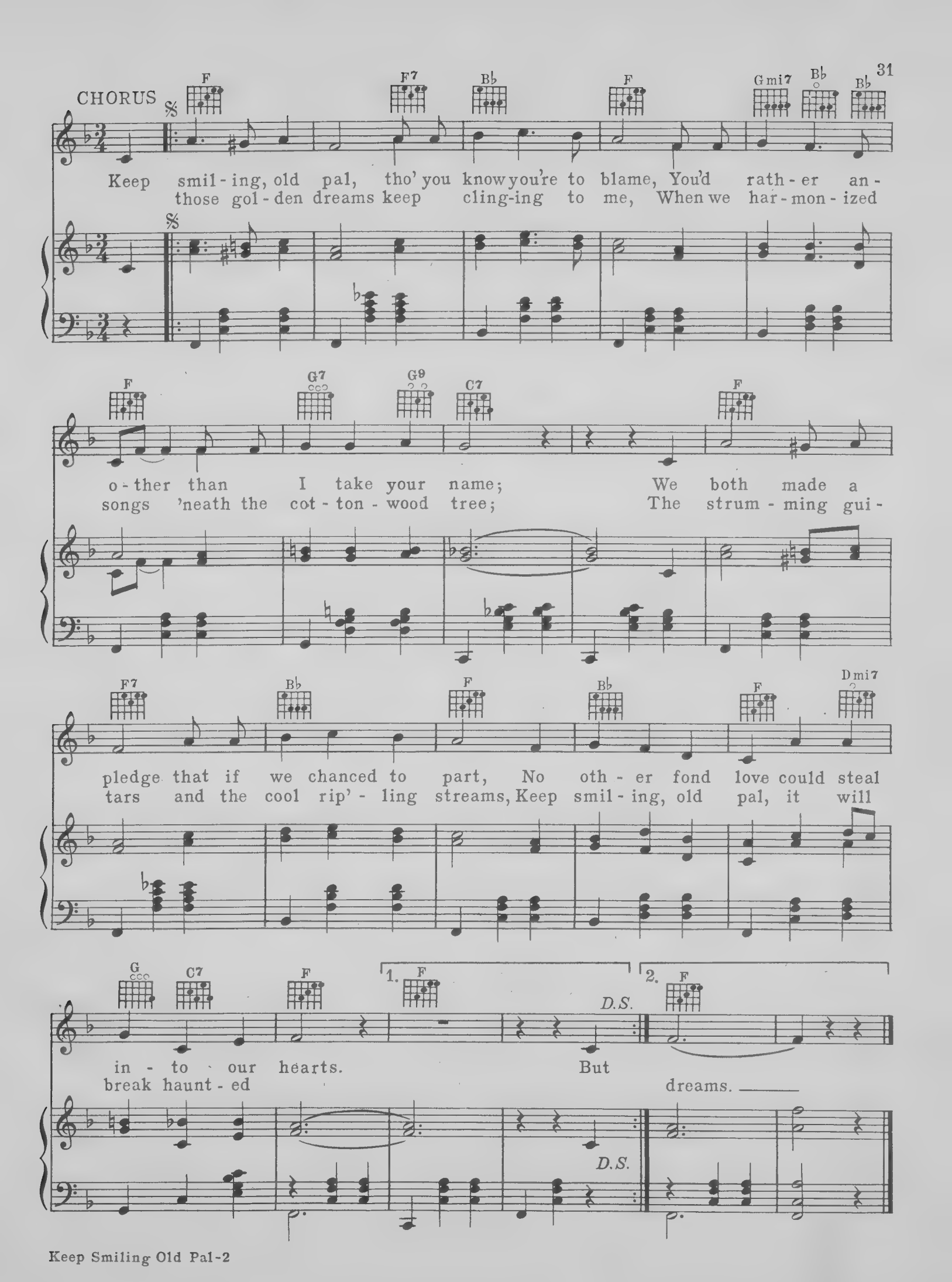
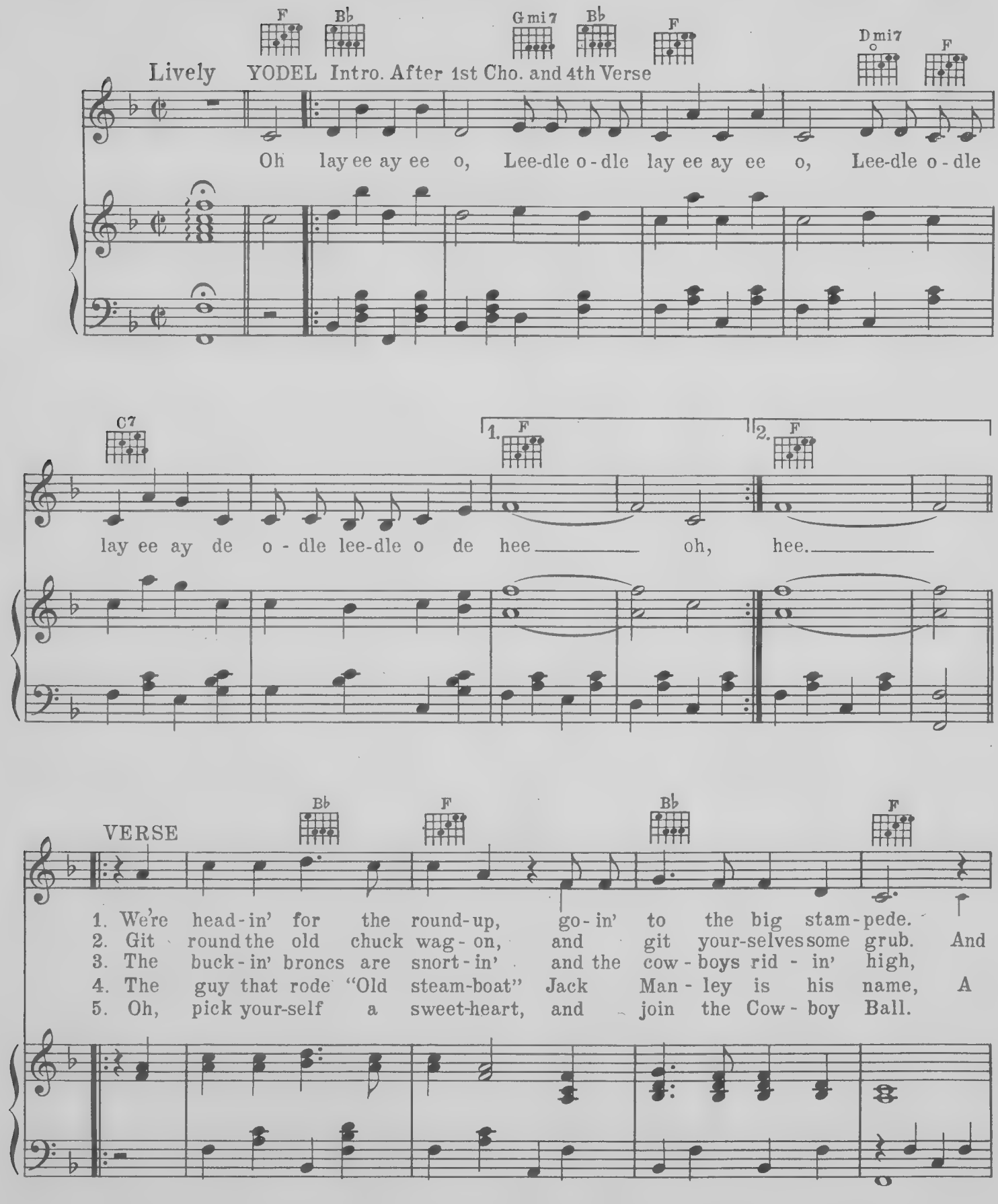

CHORUS
F
F7
B♭
F
Gmi7
B♭
B♭
Keep smil-ing, old pal, tho' you know you're to blame, You'd rath-er an-
those gol-den dreams keep cling-ing to me, When we har-mon-ized
F
G7
G9
C7
F
o-ther than I take your name; We both made a
songs 'neath the cot-ton-wood tree; The strum-ming gui-
F7
B♭
F
B♭
F
Dmi7
pledge that if we chanced to part, No oth-er fond love could steal
tars and the cool rip'-ling streams, Keep smil-ing, old pal, it will
G
C7
F
1.
F
D.S.
2.
F
in-to our hearts. But
break haunt-ed dreams.
D.S.

The Calgary Round Up

WILF CARTER



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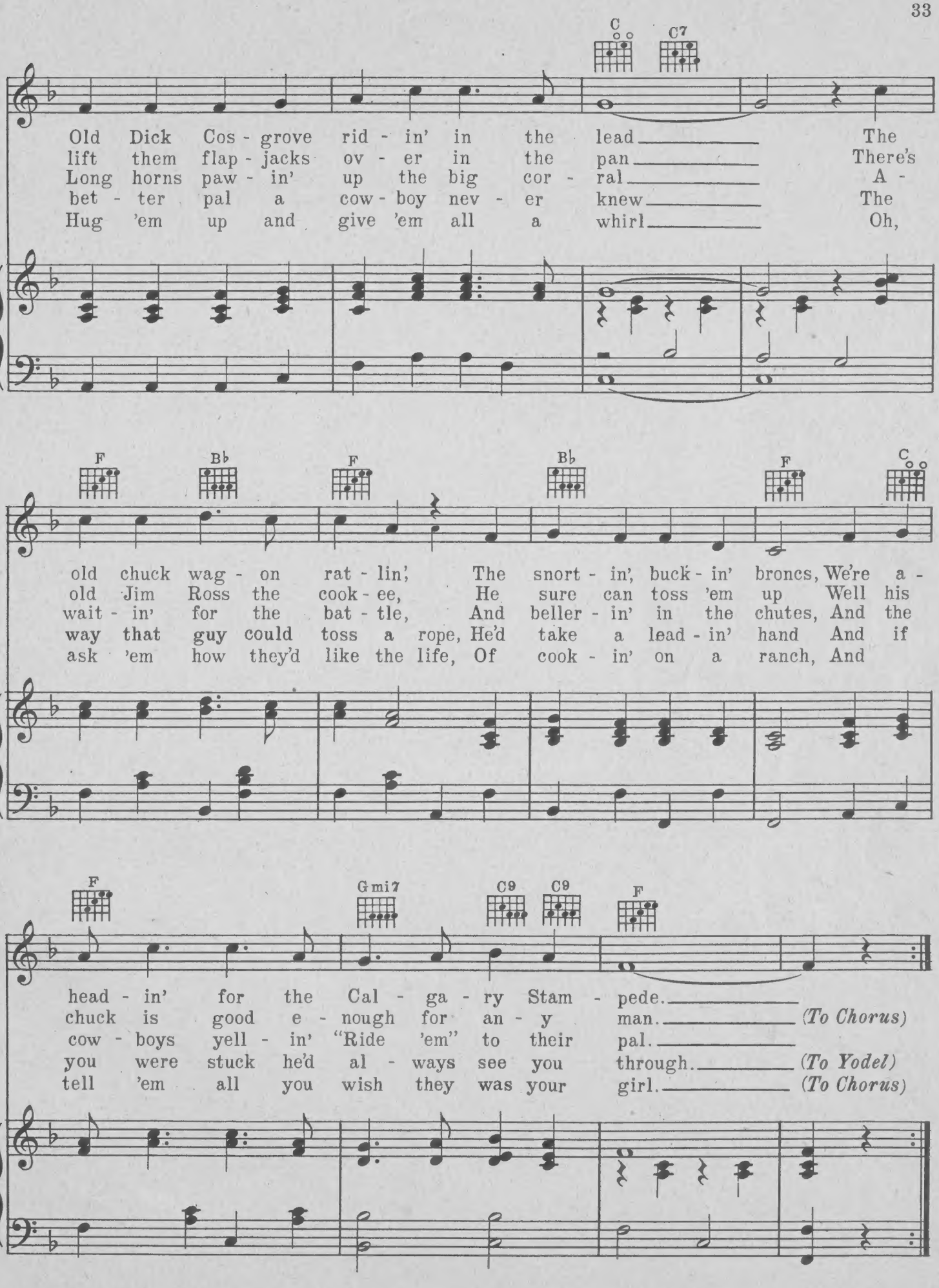
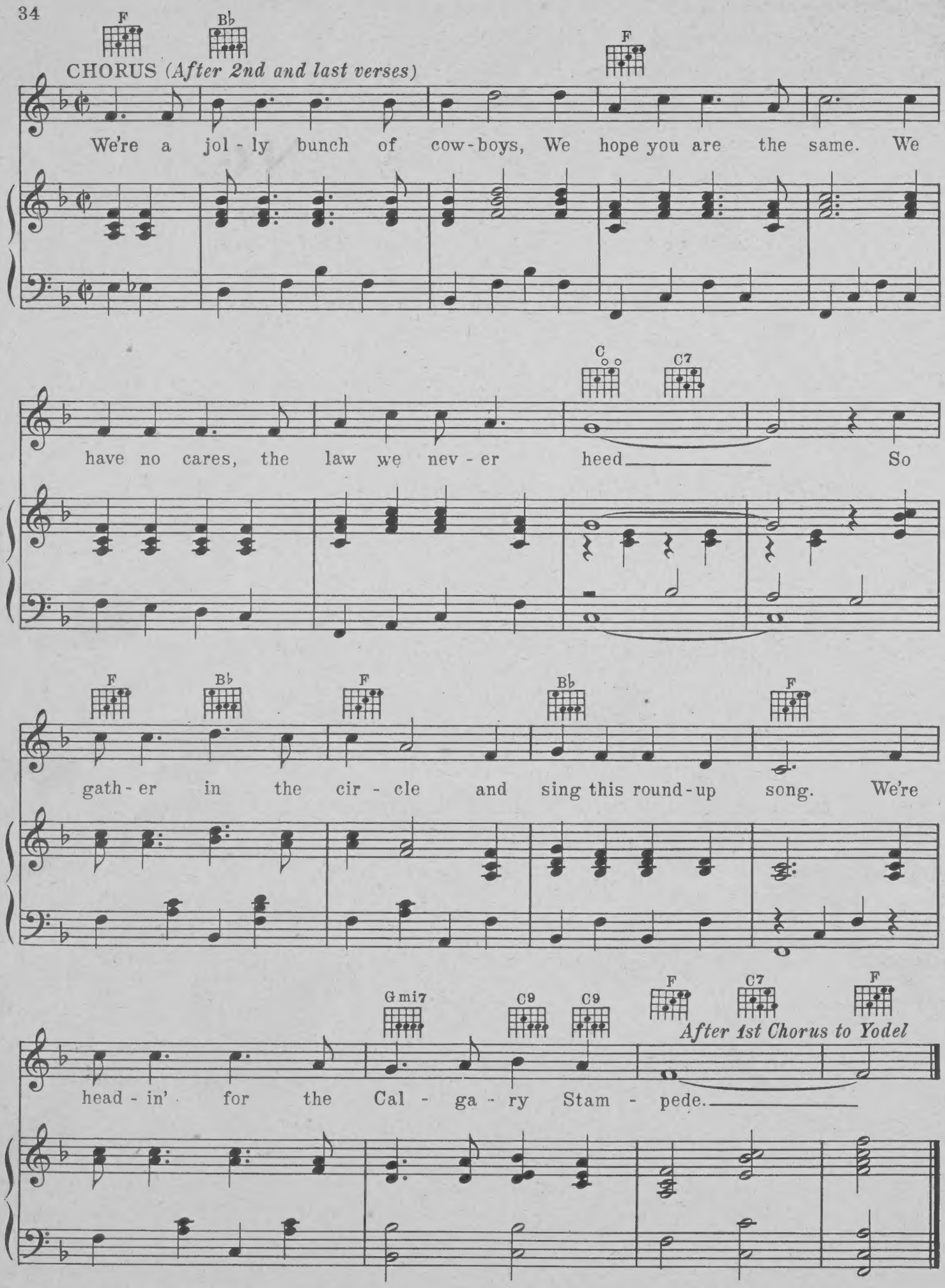

C
C7
Old Dick Cos - grove rid - in' in the lead The
lift them flap - jacks ov - er in the pan There's
Long horns paw - in' up the big cor - ral A -
bet - ter pal a cow - boy nev - er knew The
Hug 'em up and give 'em all a whirl Oh,
F
B♭
F
B♭
F
C
old chuck wag - on rat - lin', The snort - in', buck - in' broncs, We're a -
old Jim Ross the cook - ee, He sure can toss 'em up Well his
wait - in' for the bat - tle, And beller - in' in the chutes, And the
way that guy could toss a rope, He'd take a lead - in' hand And if
ask 'em how they'd like the life, Of cook - in' on a ranch, And
F
Gmi7
C9
C9
F
head - in' for the Cal - ga - ry Stam - pede.
chuck is good e - nough for an - y man. (To Chorus)
cow - boys yell - in' "Ride 'em" to their pal.
you were stuck he'd al - ways see you through. (To Yodel)
tell 'em all you wish they was your girl. (To Chorus)


F
B♭
CHORUS (After 2nd and last verses)
F
We're a jol - ly bunch of cow-boys, We hope you are the same. We
C
C7
have no cares, the law we nev - er heed So
F
B♭
F
B♭
F
gath - er in the cir - cle and sing this round-up song. We're
G mi7
C9
C9
F
C7
F
After 1st Chorus to Yodel
head - in' for the Cal - ga - ry Stam - pede.

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LONESOME FOR BABY TONIGHT
MY MONTANA SWEETHEART
I'VE GOT THOSE HOBO BLUES
MY BLUES HAVE TURNED TO SUNSHINE
THE YODELLING HILL BILLY
HILL BILLY VALLEY
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